JOHN BULL, DECEMBER 23, 1933

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LIV.
1436.

A Merry Christmas to You!

JOHN BULL

Give them

EVER READY TORCHES

for Christmas

Christmas presents need not be costly if you give Ever Ready Torches. You can buy these guaranteed torches from 1/-, yet the pleasure they give and their length of life is far greater than that of many more expensive gifts. Whatever the type of recipient, you can find an Ever Ready Torch to suit. For the motorist, to light up signposts and peer in safety under the bonnet. For the schoolboy and girl, the Scout and Guide, signalling torches, focussing spotlights. For the woman, the fountain pen torch or "Snaplite," fit for the bag. For the farmer and country dweller, the long range searchlight. All at your nearest electrical dealers now. Call in and get yours to-day.

EVER READY

REGD. TRADE MARK

THE EVER READY CO. (GT. BRITAIN) LTD.
HERCULES PLACE, HOLLOWAY,
LONDON, N.7.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY. COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Turkish Towels, 3/11 doz. Ladies' Art Silk Hose, 8/11 doz. Ladies' Apron Overalls, 4/11 doz. Gent's Wool Socks, 4/6 doz. Boys' Sports Hose, 4's to 8's, 4/9 doz. Quarter dozens supplied. Good profits can be made. Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue.—Cochrane's Who'esale Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

FREE PRICE LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (who'esale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

HOSIERY, Underwear, Drapery, Frocks, etc. Factory prices, 50% profit. No risk. Any quantity. Catal and parties, free.—London Textiles, Ltd., Broadway Chambers, Hammersmith, W.6.

DRAPERY, Hosiery, Underwear and Boots, Illus. Catlg. for Credit Drapers and Beginners Post free.—Keenest prices (wholesale only).—M. Morris, 110-113, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

IF your shop windows are subject to internal mist, write immediately for full particulars of the latest equipment for keeping windows clear without entering windows or moving displays.—Excelsior Speciality Co., Excel House, Whitcomb Street, London, W.C.2.

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INCOME ASSURED.—All-round Satisfaction Guaranteed! JOHN NOBLE'S WANT ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS. Choose the Club that puts QUALITY FIRST! Members always satisfied. Clubs easy and simple to form. COMMISSIONS PAID PROMPTLY ON EVERY CLUB. Write for FREE Ideal Club Catalogue—nearly 400 pages—to JOHN NOBLE, LTD. (Dept. A7), MANCHESTER

50/- BONUS and Commission paid on 1/- weekly Clubs. Commission paid weekly. Send p.c. for parties, and catlg. 235 pages all classes of goods.—Britannic Household Supply Co., Ltd. (Dept. 90), Cheetwood Road, Manchester, 8.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS — COMMERCIAL AND PRIVATE Positions. The finest PRACTICAL training for R.A.C. Certificate. Free employment Dept. in London, Manchester, Birmingham. Call, 9-7, or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1.

A PAYING Profession. Become a certificated Chiropodist. Write partics. Home Study Course, 3, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

IMMEDIATE EMPLOYMENT offered in the Army to men between 18 and 25. Good pay. Free food, clothing, housing. Plenty of sport. Holidays on full pay.—Apply any Recruiting Office or Drill Hall.

THE MACHINE THAT MAKES MONEY.—Start a profitable business Printing for local Tradesmen, Cinema Proprietors, etc. There is a Huge Weekly Demand for Printed Material in your District which you could easily produce. My wonderful all-steel "Adana" Machine prints anything from a Chemist's Label to an Illustrated Magazine. Special Easy Payment Terms. Send for Free Details and Samples of actual work produced.—D. A. ADANA (J.49), 17, Church Street, Twickenham. London: Ludgate House, Fleet St. Manchester: 60, Oldham St.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. — Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free.—Write for Prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1 (Chancery 8113.)

PRINTING.—(Executed cheaply) Magazines, Books, Catlgs. All kinds Commercial Stationery, Samps. 2d. General Printers (Dept. 60), Sandy.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — West Riding WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CARNIVAL GOODS, Balloons, Hats, Novelties, etc. Dance organisers, send for free bargain list. —"Uneedus," 70-72, Arcundel St., Portsmouth.

CHINA DIRECT.—Asst. Cups 1/6 doz. Teasets from 2/7. Crates of cups, scrs., plates, jugs, etc., 12/6 to £10.—Dinner sets free.—Big Bargain Catlg. free.—Direct Pottery Co., Burslem.

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Becks British Carnival Novelties, Cross Street, London, N.1.

A WONDERFUL new covering for damp floors, etc. Looks like Tudor Tiles, 90 sq. ft. 15/-. Send for free samples and parties. to J. E. Andrews & Sons, Sutherland Sq., Walworth Rd., S.E.17.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances. Hats, Balloons, Mickey Mouse Novs., Mus. Inst., etc.—List J.B. 1470 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

THAT GARDEN SHED you want can be yours for a small amount down. See offer foot of p. 3.

DANCE NOVELTIES and Advertisement Balloons, List free.—NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES, 228, Mile End Road, LONDON.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-. 75 home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robe, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms.)—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 30s.
Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

PRESERVE your health and fitness by wearing a "Spencer" Supporting Corset.—Write Spencer Corsets, Ltd., Banbury, Oxon., for further partics. See advt. on p. 29.

FREE to readers mentioning *John Bull*—a sample tin of "Tellene" Super Polish for furniture, woodwork, etc. Simply write: Gre-Solvent Co., Leeds, 12. This offer appears in the advt. on p. 29.

WONDERFUL FREE CATALOGUE. — The Drage Xmas Number is brimful of interesting information, short stories, Xmas Gifts and a beautiful free gift of Furniture, varying according to the value of the Furniture selected. Write to Drages, Ltd., 73-77, Oxford St., London, W.1, and secure your copy of this very attractive publication.

FRY'S have put on the market a real Xmas novelty—a lady's handsome week-end case brimful with good things. The demand is so great that the suitcase manufacturers are working night and day. Selling at £1 1s., this constitutes one of the most popular Xmas gifts of 1933.

WIRELESS & MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS BANJOS, GUITARS, etc. Wonderful New 1934 catalogue, 44 pages, free.—Terms, OLLY OAKLEY & RAYMOND, J.B.5, LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL, E.C.4.

PIANO-Accordeons, Saxophones, Guitars, Drums, Ideal Christmas Gifts. Cash or terms. Send p.c. for list. Henry's, 18-20, Manchester St., Liverpool.

READERS interested in Radio and Radio-Gramophones should write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Columbia Graphophone Co., Ltd., 98, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1, for free parties. of the latest Columbia models obtainable on easy terms.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—"Artico" Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive Cure, by removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous Supply, or 1½d. stamp for details.—Eldyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTIONS ALWAYS GIVE RELIEF!!

They will save you many a doctor's bill. Keep them in your medicine chest. You can obtain them direct from the Shadforth Prescription Service Ltd., privately packed, post free, at the prices named (abroad extra). Order now.

NEW HEARTS FOR OLD

Prescription that always gives relief. The Aladdin's Lamp of Tonics.

Healthy Heart
Hearty Health

"Blue Lion Fox Nuts" is a Tonic which makes a new man of you; worn nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone, life is worth living. It picks you up after the 'Flu or illness or in hot weather. It is the World's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—it prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces feeling. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days. **Ask for Blue Lion Fox Nuts, Shadforth Prescription 632.** Prices 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

Below are other examples of Shadforth Remedies most in use at this time of the year. Mr. Shadforth's reputation as a leading Pharmaceutical Chemist is your guarantee.

PAIN AFTER EATING
ACIDITY, GASTRITIS AND INDIGESTION DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC.

Thousands of Sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fulness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion, have been cured by the **"Shadforth" Acidity Prescription (No. 1077)** Popularly known as "White Lions." Prices 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 tablets). They give prompt relief and comfort. Even Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers yield to this treatment. This is the famous "White" prescription, used by hospitals everywhere for stomach troubles.

CATARRH
COLD IN THE NOSE.

Catarrh is often the first stage of Bronchitis, Cold on the Chest, Pneumonia, Throat, Ear and Lung Trouble. The **Shadforth Triplex Catarrh Treatment (No. 331/T)** acts like a charm. Considering its efficacy and how often it will save a man being off work for days and weeks, the cost is very small. Prices 2/9 and 4/6.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE
REJUVENATE *YOUR* ARTERIES. STRENGTHEN *YOUR* HEART. *COME OFF* THE DANGER LIST

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action, co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment rapidly reduces high blood-pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it now. Prescription No. 1168/T.** Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.

KIDNEY AILMENTS
QUICK RELIEF AND COMFORT.

Bladder irritation is more troublesome when it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in **Shadforth "Bladder Comfort" No. 285.** It acts like a charm. It is prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort, with this proved remedy: **Shadforth Prescription No. 285.** Prices: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 12/- (300 pills).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service Ltd. (Dispensing Chemists)
(Dept. J.B. 109), 49, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches

STOP that home drudgery! Use a vacuum cleaner. Write to Vac Tric, Ltd., Waterloo Road, Cricklewood, London, N.W., for free parties. of their new Popular model.

THERE will be a real welcome among home lovers for the new edition of "Beautifying the Home"—the Seventh Edition of a wonderful book that will prove a source of inspiration and a helpful guide to the home beautiful. It shows furniture and furnishings of all kinds in tempting variety and the prices make it quite clear that one need not always pay high prices for quality and good taste. Issued by H. J. Searle & Son, Ltd., the makers of the famous Berkeley Chairs and Suites, this "Catalogue in the new manner" has a very interesting section on Upholstery, as well as coloured plates showing all the beauty of modern fabrics, carpets and rugs. You can obtain a copy free by writing to H. J. Searle & Son, Ltd. (Dept. *John Bull*), 70-78, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1.

THERE can be no doubt that HORNBY CLOCKWORK LOCOMOTIVES have done much, quite apart from the endless pleasure they have given, to provide real educational value among the young of all ages. The 1933 designs are improved in all-round efficiency, and particularly in hauling power. The HORNBY system makes it possible to reproduce in miniature practically all the operations that are carried out daily by the great railways of the world. On receipt of 4½d. in stamps a copy of the new Hornby Book of Trains will be sent to any reader who writes to Hornby Trains (Dept. A.P.), Old Swan, Liverpool.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney Trouble cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-. Boots, etc. or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Samps. 4d.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! The Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery, Wonderful! No lumpy pads; no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (482M), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

FOR the too-active brain Allenbury's Diet is the best night-cap. Send 3d. stamps for 1-lb. trial sample.—Allen & Hanbury's, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.3), 37, Lombard Street, E.C.3.

FACTS, NOT FICTION.—Sufferers from Piles and Gravel, take George's renowned Pills, 1/3 all Chemists.—Hirwaun, South Wales.

BRONCHITIS. Tickly Cough. "STOPSIT" compound gives instant relief, allowing sleep. Trial bottle 2/6.—STOPSIT, 213, Buchanan Street, Glasgow, Scotland.

CROUP.—Vapo Cresolene allays irritation, quickly relieves spasmodic coughs and difficulty in breathing.—Write for Free Booklet No. 29K to Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.2.

FREE TO INDIGESTION SUFFERERS.—Banish all pain and discomfort by writing to BiSoDol, Ltd., 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.1, for a generous free sample of BiSoDol, which gives instant relief. This offer is made to all readers who mention *John Bull* when sending their application.

WRITE for free visit to Phillips' Yeast Products, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Fort Royal Road, London, N.W.10. It will show you the way to greater vigour and vitality.

THOUSANDS of people owe to "Silvikrin" the abundance, health and beauty of their hair. A free sample and booklet will be sent to readers who write to Silvikrin Laboratories (Dept. J.B.), 148, Sydney Road, King's Parade, London, N.10. See p. 34.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER to *John Bull* readers. The proprietors of "PHENSIC" offer a free trial supply of this latest cure for influenza, colds, etc. So confident are they of the efficacy of this new product that they invite every reader of *John Bull* to accept a free package. Address: Phensic, Ltd., 420, Chester Road, Manchester. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

FREE.—A generous free sample of Elliman's for muscular stiffness, rheumatism and relief from ailment, or accident pains. Simply write Elliman's (Dept. J.B.9), Slough. You will also receive a free copy of the new edition of an important reference book which should be in every home.

SEND for a free sample tube of "Shavex," the modern method of shaving. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19, and enclose your name and address with 2d. stamp for postage.

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BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, etc., BOUGHT. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

READERS who write to Dept. 8E., J. S. Fry & Sons, Ltd., Somerdale, Bristol, will receive by return a free list of Gifts offered in connection with FRY'S MALTED MILK COCOA. Send for this Free Gift list now. A p.c. will do. The offer appears in the advt. on the "Fitting Phrases" feature on p. 27.

PRIZE.—A Children's Competition Painting Book in which splendid cash prizes are being awarded is offered by the makers of FLETT'S SAUCE on p. 27. Write, enclosing 1½d. stamp, to W. H. Flett, Ltd., Alvina Works, Everton Valley, Liverpool.

READERS' ATTENTION is drawn to the Dr. Watson's offer on p. 16. In return for 9d. the firm will send a box sufficient to make 2 gallons of Dr. Watson's Tonic Stout maker, together with a free gift. This Christmas offer cannot be repeated. Don't delay, but send your order now.

FREE. — 32-p. Cookery Book, "Secrets of Light Pastry." Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Van den Berghs & Jurgens (Sales), Ltd., Dept. 288, Unilever House, London, E.C.4.

FREE.—Send for a copy of Nestle's Free Gift book and voucher for five free coupons. There are hundreds of valuable free gifts offered in this book, all of which can be obtained in exchange for coupons from Nestle's Chocolate. Send for your copy now. Address: Nestle's (Gift Dept.), Silverthorne Road, Battersea, London, S.W.8. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

SAMPLES of "Zee-Kol" Ointment, Pills and Medicated Soap will be sent to all readers enclosing 2d. stamp for postage.—Address: Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.

FREE Illus. booklet of Gifts in exchange for coupons from Rowntree's Cocoa. Write, Dept. J.B.31, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., York.

WOULD you like a splendid Jig-Saw Puzzle free? A front of a "Pineate" Honey Syrup carton, together with your name and address, sent to Bismag, Ltd. (Dept. R.10), Braydon Rd., London, N.16, will bring this amusing game by return post.

FREE.—A choice of any three of the following "Harlene" Gifts:—(1) Hair Grower; (2) Cremex Shampoo; (3) Uson Brilliantine; (4) Wave Setting Lotion; (5) Camomile Golden Hair Wash; and (6) Astol for Grey Hair.—Write to Edwards Harlene, Ltd. (Dept. H.986), 20-26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Attach your name and address and enclose 4d. stamp for postage for free samples and manual of instructions.

FREE CASH PRIZES.—This week *John Bull* offers £60 in cash in a simple competition which appears on pages 16, 25, 27 and 29. Full details are given on each page, for which four separate prizes of £20 must be won. Why not make it a Sheridde Christmas and get the family to help? There is no entrance fee. Note closing date, January 6, 1934, and send in your entries now.

PROVIDE for your future comfort and independence by the Pearl way. You can secure a cash sum for any selected period by a plan of simple payments to suit your convenience. For full particulars, write, Pearl Assurance Co., Ltd., High Holborn, London, W.C.2. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

FREE.—Get your boy to write for the wonderful new MECCANO BOOK, profusely illustrated, and describing famous engineering feats. A copy can be secured post free in return for names and addresses of three of his chums.—Address: Meccano, Ltd. (Dept. 20), Old Swan, Liverpool.

A SAMPLE of "Doge" Face Cream will be sent in return for 2d. stamp. Address: Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Do.8), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

Look into "John Bull's" "Shop Window" for Xmas Bargains — page 3.

ISSUED BY THE AUSTRALIAN WINE OVERSEAS MARKETING BOARD

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 14

IF YOU ARE EXPECTING A BABY

I CAN SAVE YOU TIME, TROUBLE AND MONEY, A COMPLETE HOME-MADE LAYETTE. **30/-**

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long clothes 76 delightful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby); Silk and Wool Shawl, Bonnet, Robes, Lawn or Wincey Day Gowns, Woolly, Flan. or Wincey Nighties, Wool Wrapper Vests, Bank Flannels, Hand-Knit Woollies, Mid. Coats, Trunk Sets, Binders, Turk. Napkins, etc., etc.

ANOTHER LETTER JUST RECEIVED :—"I have never made a practice of 'Shopping by post,' but in this instance I have secured a wonderful bargain."

Expectant Mothers! SEND **2/-** FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Rel. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J. B. Howard, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

Test for 1 Month

and you will be absolutely convinced that the VIBRAPHONE is the best-by-test of all appliances for the relief of

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so revolutionary is the principle of the Vibraphone that it has gone from success to success in every country of the world. Quite safe, non-electrical, practically invisible (see picture—which has had its "contrasts" increased for the sake of clarity of illustration). No batteries, or wires, or any other attachments. Used by professional men. Write or call for BOOKLET and details of TRIAL OFFER. VIBRAPHONE CO., 16, Triumph House, 189, Regent St., London, W.1

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Make any old damp stone, concrete or wood floor cosy, dry and comfortable by laying PAROLEUM or TILETEX, the ideal floor covering. Guaranteed waterproof and rot-proof. Simply lay it down—it lies perfectly flat, without fastening in any way. Many patterns to choose from.

90 Sq. Ft. for **15/-**

Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls 2 yards wide. *Send for samples and full particulars post free.*

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£5-5-0 VALUE FOR 35/-

Having purchased manufacturer's entire stock of watches we can offer this handsome lady's 10-year watch and bracelet at a price hitherto unknown. Dainty case. Immaculate dial. With shockproof movement and recoil spring to prevent overwinding. Timed to a minute. Warranted 10 years. Roller pattern bracelet. Send 2/6 only. If delighted send further 2/6 within 7 days, and 2/6 fortnightly, until only 37/6 is paid in all. Cash Price 35/-. Gent's square model. All Chrome, Milanese Bracelet, same price and terms. Immediate dispatch.

AIRCRAFT WATCH DISTRIBUTORS (Dept. J.J.B.1) 87, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1. (Opposite Glaves) 2nd Floor.

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FREE UKULELE BANJO TUTOR with every order

6/9 POST 9d

These beautiful instruments are genuine 21/- value and are offered to the public at the ridiculous price of 6/9 only as the result of a disposal of a huge purchase, therefore this offer cannot be repeated. Finished in highly polished mahogany effect with brass fretted finger-board, first quality vellum and heavily nickel-plated fittings. Amazingly sweet tone. An hour or so only required for a novice to master it with the FREE TUTOR. Send P.O. to-day to avoid disappointment. Immediate despatch guaranteed.

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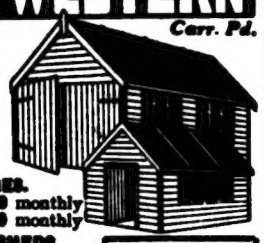

GARAGES & SHEDS made with electric tools from seasoned timber. Each section dead accurate, hence easy to erect. Complete with roofing felt, bolts, etc., etc.

SUPER GARAGES.
10' x 7' 100/- or 9/9 monthly
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SUPER GARDEN SHEDS.
6' x 4' 41/- or 3/9 monthly.
8' x 5' 58/- or 5/6 monthly.
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Prolong the life of your NEW H.T. battery or revive your OLD one (whether wet or dry type) by feeding it through this amazing device with L.T. current from a spare accumulator (which will not need recharging). REACTO is everlasting. Produces better tone and increased volume, which does not drop even during long programmes. Extracts from letters as proof :—

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(as made for the Ocean Luxury Liners).

39/6

Each chair upholstered washable REXHIDE, on the toughest frames made, 30 springs to ensure lasting comfort for 15 years, on a *money back plan.* The wonderful Pullman non-sag cushion covered in high grade velvet goes with each chair. *Write for illustration and pattern now.* Positively unobtainable elsewhere under 4 gns. **Few Settees to match, £3 15s. each.** Packed free on rail.

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THE NEW NATIONAL WAY OF BUYING can mean AT LEAST £2 TO YOU!

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Post the Coupon to-day for Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and full particulars of this money-making opportunity—Free and without obligation.

WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES Charles Street MANCHESTER, 1

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Please send me, free and without obligation, your Bargain Catalogue and Booklet which tells me how I can earn from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

NAME M.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS.....

J.B.29. .....
(Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required.)

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The best money-making proposition ever offered the public.

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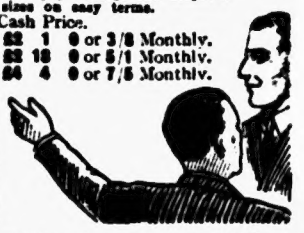

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Massive timepiece made with the care of hand-made watch-making of a century ago, assuring everlasting reliability. Finely adjusted lever movement gives accuracy to a minute a month. Unscratchable E.T. case, incorporating extra inside dustproof dome. Shockproof. Non-Magnetic. Cannot be overwound. Clear white enamelled dial. 15 years' guarantee. Free Repair Service. 7/6, post 6d. Keyless Model same price. FREE Solid Silver effect Curb Chain, medallion for initial and key.

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XMAS PACKINGS

Here are the Craven Plain '50' and '100' sizes all ready to send or give . . . and with space on reverse side for sender's name.

"50" SIZE 2/6

"100" SIZE 5/-

As happy Xmas Gifts for smokers of non-cork-tip Cigarettes

It will be difficult to better these green-and-silver, cheery, Xmas packings of "Craven Plain". There are two sizes—prices as below:

50 - 2/6 : 100 - 5/-
(no extras)

To make the gift complete, add your signature to the space provided on the reverse side of each box.

Good Cigarettes

in the Green-and-Silver Packings

Every step in the production of this good, non-cork-tipped cigarette has been inspired, and is vouched for, by Carreras' tradition, working standards, quiet thoroughness and a perfectly equipped and utterly hygienic Factory.

The name "Craven" on Cigarettes or Tobacco is a constant guarantee of Quality. The name "Craven Plain", for instance, identifies a sincere endeavour to provide an outstanding, non-cork-tipped Cigarette at "ordinary" prices.

If you prefer non-cork-tipped cigarettes try "Craven Plain" —for your own satisfaction. For the satisfaction of others, give "Craven Plain" as Christmas gifts. The sizes and prices of two likeable, seasonable Christmas packings are given alongside.

CRAVEN PLAIN

NON-CORK-TIPPED CIGARETTES

Craven Plain "Tens" (6d.) and "Twenties" (1/-) have the new "Easy-Access" Inner Foil wrappings; and *all* packings have an outer wrapping of patented, moisture-proof "Cellophane"

10 for 6D ♦ 20 for 1/- ♦ 50 for 2/6 ♦ 100 for 5/-

C.P. 17

JOHN BULL

"John Bull," 23/12/33.

Without Fear or Favour

THURSDAY,

for week ending Saturday, December 23, 1933. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

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JOHN BULL'S Christmas Tree

—With the Compliments of "John Bull"!

JOHN BULL would like to have a Christmas Tree, and to present some appropriate presents with the compliments of the season.

We would like, for instance, to present the unemployed with a restoration of the "Dole" cuts—and, let us say, the D.S.O. for services in the front line trenches during the Greater War, 1931-1933. They deserve it more than many who got the D.S.O. during the Great War.

Then there is Hitler. Well, the present we feel sure he'd most appreciate is a certificate signed by the Almighty that among his 1,000,000,000 ancestors of 1,000 years ago there was not a single non-Aryan.

We'd have to give his fellow-Fascist, Mussolini, something off our Christmas Tree, too. So we would present him with a few kind words of encouragement from Sir Oswald Mosley.

The League of Nations must have a gift, even if only to make up for some of its year's losses. So we would give it the Return of the Prodigal Sons—but we are not sure about the Fatted Calf.

And having mentioned calves, our hand reaches up among the branches of the Christmas Tree for the suitable present for Mr. Montagu Norman—a St. George of the Exchequer to overthrow his Golden Calf of Threadneedle Street.

Talking of finance, that harassed fellow, the income-tax payer, might appreciate a letter from the Chancellor with a firm offer of a reduction of sixpence in the pound.

BUT if Mr. Chamberlain is to do that he must have his present first—in the form of a joint note from the First Lord, the Secretary of State for War, and the Air Minister, beseeching him to cut their estimates by half.

"Jimmy" Thomas will be delighted with a note from De Valera offering to take the oath to pay the annuities. And what fun for "Dev." if it crossed a note from "Jimmy" offering to waive the oath and forgo the annuities.

Have we anything for President Roosevelt? Why, certainly. How about a Brains Trust with brains he can trust?

Our present for Len Harvey is easy, of course—a Champion Boxing Day.

Boxers suggest Bernard Shaw, who once wrote a novel about one. Now he generally writes about dictators. So we present him with freedom to praise dictators under democracy—though he would be in prison if he dared to praise democracy under a dictatorship.

And dictators suggest the Board of Lunacy Control. They may look our gift to them in the mouth because we know they'd like us to make their job a still fatter one by certifying the whole nation as fit for asylums. Instead, we choose for the B.L.C. Bosses a nice long stretch of unemployment. We can't even give them the "Dole."

YES, stand to attention, for here's Lord Trenchard. And here's his present—a brand new design for a dress suit that can be worn by college-cops when they go on night duty.

Mr. Henderson—our guests just come as they please, no nonsense about order or precedence. Here for "Uncle Arthur" is a Christmas present of a Conference in which all the delegates really mean what they say when they declare that they want disarmament.

Who is the lady? Garbene Grietrich, the film star. Says she doesn't want her name included in our presentation list because she'd hate the publicity it would give her. Well, well, we present her with the proverbial bushel under which she can hide her light.

Who's next? The French Republic! We would give you, Madame, a Government guaranteed to last till next Christmas.

We ought to find something dignified for the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. But, alas, there is nothing more suitable than a few unprofitable farms saddled with ruinous tithes.

Next, please. Landlords and Tenants. We would present them with the whole legal profession, Woolsack and all, to unravel the mysteries of the Rent Act—without fee.

Japan shall have a yen worth two shillings. Then there will be no Japanese dumping on all the markets of the world.

Hullo! The Motorists. Their Christmas gift from us would be a race of spring-heeled pedestrians with eyes at the back of their heads.

TO the Pedestrians we must give either the springs and the eyes—or else a race of motorists whose motto is "More Safety, Less Speed."

On our Tree, too, there would be a much-belated piece of legislation entitled the Firearms Act (1934). That is intended for the motor bandits and everybody else who fancy themselves as walking arsenals.

For Sir John Reith and the B.B.C.—just one programme that would please everybody. More than one would set listeners grumbling at having nothing to grumble about.

And last but not least. . . . We would give our millions of readers the traditional present. A Happy Christmas and A Prosperous New Year. And that's a present that wants a lot of beating!

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

New Road Terror that Concerns Us All

THERE is a new road peril. Not the accident terror, but the accident *compensation* terror.

Every day now it is claiming more victims. Indeed, every one of the 45,000,000 people of Britain who goes into the streets is liable to be a victim.

"Knocked down and injured." We all know that much too familiar phrase in the newspapers.

But how many of us realise that if such an accident happens the innocent victim may not get a farthing compensation?

Yet that is the astounding truth.

Shocking facts

Half the people who are maimed in motor-car accidents and the dependents of those who are killed receive no compensation of any kind!

True, every car owner is required by law to insure against third-party accident risks, and very few owners neglect to do this. What, then, is the explanation?

Robbing the maimed

It is that certain insurance companies make a practice of repudiating liability.

After examining a car involved in a smash and deliberately searching for the smallest defects, they find some excuse for asserting that the owner has been guilty of negligence.

Because of that, the accident victims get nothing.

Judge's comment

"A person may be injured for life by a speed maniac on a motor-cycle," said Mr. Justice Goddard last week, "and may find that the driver is a young man with a small weekly wage who, when effecting his insurance, mis-stated the number of his previous accidents, thus enabling the insurance company to repudiate the policy."

Another loophole

A day or two earlier, Judge Parsons exposed yet another legal loophole that enables disreputable insurance companies to evade their obligations.

If a motorist fails to report an accident quickly enough to his company, the injured party cannot recover damages.

The company won't pay, because the claim wasn't made in time: the motorist won't pay in most cases because he hasn't the means.

Empty-handed victims

We need hardly say that the well-known and reputable insurance companies do not share in these practices.

Unfortunately, the Road Traffic Act—far from protecting the unfortunate victims of road accidents—has brought into being a considerable number of mushroom companies that do, in fact, exploit road accidents.

They are at present allowed by law to accept liabilities which they cannot possibly meet.

So the man who has been crippled for life through no fault of his own, or the widow whose husband has been killed, comes away empty-handed from the offices of these companies.

Who is to blame?

By the way, according to Lord Moynihan, the famous surgeon, if you get knocked down and killed by a motorist you are not to blame, neither is he.

No one is to blame. It is only that you have not yet had time to acquire the necessary "conditioned reflexes." Well, well!

We hope our legislators will not bother very much about our "conditioned reflexes."

Their duty is plain.

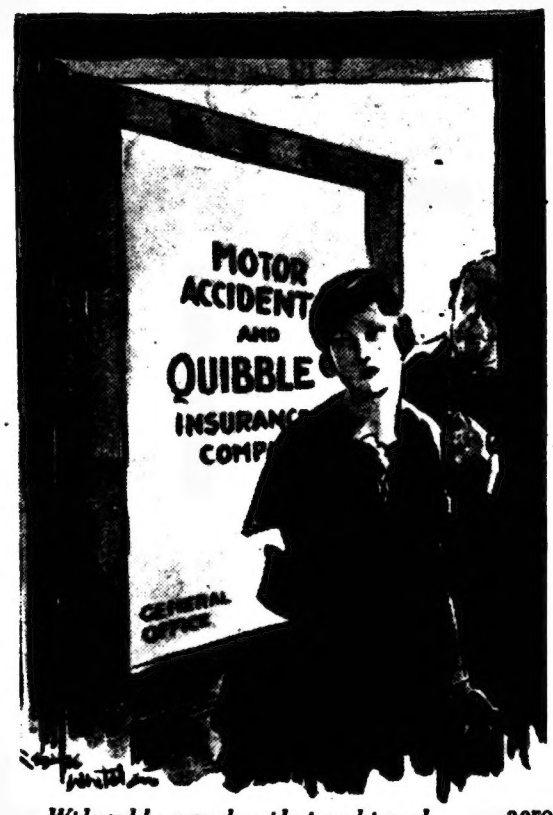
Close the gaps!

It used to be said that a coach-and-four could be driven through any Act of Parliament, but it seems that a thousand motor-cars can be driven through the gaps in the Road Traffic Act.

Those gaps must be closed—and quickly.

Robbed of Health Benefits

Scalded Child Scandal



Widowed by a road accident, and turned away without a farthing compensation!

Officialdom owns up

Wicked "economy" has filched £50,000 in wages from the officials of a single city.

Alderman Burman admits that Birmingham would never have cut its workers' wages except at the express desire of the Government.

As he was Lord Mayor of the city when the cuts were made, he ought to know.

And he admits there was no necessity for the cuts, since the city's finances were then, as now, perfectly sound.

More money—for some

Birmingham, like most towns, was duped. And, like most towns, it is now restoring the cuts—so our long campaign against false economy is winning at last.

But the worst offender, the Government, still holds out.

It could afford to restore the full salaries of teachers and others. The country is £61,631,000 better off now than a year ago.

And still the Government believes that prosperity can only be reached by making us all poorer.

Charity goes abroad—

Still, it is gradually being forced to open its money-bags.

After telling the mayors of our depressed towns not to waste his time, Mr. Chamberlain has now given them £300,000—which won't go far.

A day after this, he gave £2,000,000 to Newfoundland, which has got in a bad way owing to wholesale graft and mismanagement.

Charity begins at home, and its biggest gifts should be kept at home.

—and cheap labour comes in

There's something else which should begin at home—common-sense.

So while we agree that the shipping industry must be saved from the rocks, we say again that we should be more sympathetic to the shipowners if they dispensed with cheap foreign labour.

There are 50,000 Arabs, lascars and such folk on British ships. Let us tell the shipowners that there are more than 50,000 capable British seamen vainly looking for jobs.

Punishing the innocent

A different sort of injustice hits the victims of bad employers.

The employer of a young Birmingham servant failed to pay her health insurance contributions for a whole year. Now he cannot afford to make up the arrears.

Unless the girl somehow manages to pay them all herself, she will be deprived of benefit for the next year. Which seems idiotic as well as unjust.

Time, please!

Nor can we see much sense just at present in the proposal to build an airport in the heart of London, an airport in the form of a huge platform over the Thames.

On the very day that this suggestion appeared in the newspapers we read of the aeroplane that narrowly missed crashing into Buckingham Palace and finished up in Hyde Park.

Surely that is a foretaste of what we might expect if this airport idea was carried out—to say nothing of the dangers of fog.

We don't want to put the clock back, but neither do we want it put forward too far.

Hospital's forty winks

The clock should be studied more carefully, too, by the officials of the newly opened Children's Hospital at Belfast.

To it the ambulance brought a terribly scalded child. Though it was not nine o'clock at night, the gates were shut and the lights out.

Still, the child—a boy aged four—was taken in and the ambulance went away. Then a doctor said there was no bed available, and that he would telephone for an ambulance to take the child to another hospital.

No treatment

For two hours the relatives of the suffering child sat there. No doctor treated the mite; it was merely given a dose of brandy and some cotton wool applied to its terrible burns.

And as the other hospital had not been told that the case was urgent, its ambulance did not arrive until nearly eleven o'clock. The little boy died next morning.

Gentle rebuke

The coroner remarked that this evidence was "certainly not pleasant to listen to." We should not have been so gentle in our rebuke.

And we hope the matter is not allowed to rest there. The public should be convinced that it has been made impossible for such a disgraceful muddle to happen again.

Monstrous

"Unpleasant reading," too, was the case of the monkey that was sent on a long railway journey with a chain fastened so tightly round its body that the flesh had grown over the links.

We will spare you the horrible details; suffice it that the animal had to be destroyed.

The sender was a man named Harold E. Kershaw, of Liverpool, and he was fined £10 by the Nottingham magistrates.

We could think of a good many comments on this, but none would be printable.

An infamous trade

Just as revolting is the allegation of Fred Fox, the famous jockey, that old British racehorses and hunters are sold to Spain to be gored to death in the bullring.

That, if true, is a new development of the infamous trade of worn-out horses.

Two efforts have been made to stop this trade by Parliamentary action, but both failed because of the lack of interest shown by M.P.s.

Child slavery to go?

Let us hope they will show a little sympathetic interest in the new efforts to stop another monstrous business.

We have often told how youngsters are forced to work eighty hours a week in shops, warehouses and bakeries, and next year the Home Secretary will at last bring in a Bill to remedy this.

It will be a step—one step—on the road to a Better Britain.

Justice stays away

We're reminded of another old complaint of ours by Brighton's refusal to appoint a stipendiary magistrate.

Yet a local councillor complained that nine of the town's lay justices never appear in court, and one hasn't attended for ten years!

We say again that men who mete out slipshod justice, or neglect their duties, should make way for others.

Nature lover—old style

The other day a flamingo—the bird rarely seen in Britain—was shot in Essex. It was flame coloured and measured five feet from wing-tip to wing-tip.

Thought to be either a fugitive from a menagerie or a wild specimen blown in by a gale, it was shot by a Mr. Bird of Foulness.

Now, do you think the name and address of that gentleman appropriate or not?

Greathearts in blue

But let's give praise where praise is due.

A high police officer in Glamorgan was recently found guilty of embezzling a large sum of money, much of which had been raised by the police for the benefit of hospitals and other charities.

Now the police have arranged a bank overdraft of £1,100, so that the hospitals won't go short.

If actions speak louder than words we need say nothing more about the Glamorgan police.

Sacrifice

In the same county, at Ogmore Vale, lives young David Woosnam, who soon must undergo his eighth operation.

A year ago his baby sister was so badly scalded that only skin grafting could save her life. David volunteered.

And after every operation he returns to the employment exchange to look for a job. Well, if there's anyone to whom the New Year should bring better luck it's David Woosnam.

Three years

Harry Price Bancroft, formerly manager of the Empire Theatre, Harrogate, has been found guilty of swindling the unemployed, and sent to penal servitude for three years.

We need only add that we exposed this rogue some months ago.

Brought to book

Another of the gentry on our black list, Charles Morley Hill, has been brought to justice. We exposed him recently when, calling himself "Professor Humphreys," he set up in business as an astrologer.

Last week he pleaded guilty at the Mansion House, London, to professing to tell fortunes and to offering chances in a lottery, and was fined £30.

SAFER Motherhood

Mrs. Baldwin with two new arrivals at the Hertford County Maternity Home

by Mrs. Stanley BALDWIN

in a special interview with "John Bull"

WHEN I was opening a large maternity hospital a few weeks ago, I ventured to transpose that well-known phrase of Madame Roland's into the words, "Oh, Nature, how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

I was thinking of some of the suffering which we allow—in the name of Nature—with regard to motherhood.

I have always felt it to be so wrong that many mothers should be deprived of anæsthetics, which would save them much unnecessary pain, and that the full benefit of this modern knowledge should be withheld by a school of thought which opposes this alleviation of suffering with the words: "It is Nature, let Nature have her way."

I am one of a handful of women enthusiasts who are pushing on with the work of helping to save the mothers through an organisation known as the National Birthday Trust Fund (for Extension of Maternity Services).

Three years ago I affiliated my Anæsthetics Fund with the National Birthday Trust Fund, one of our aims being to see that women are not precluded by reasons of poverty from having the alleviation from suffering which their richer sisters can obtain, and which is offered to them at childbirth as a matter of course.

I have been stressing this subject of anæsthetics for twenty-five years, and at last the authorities are beginning to take notice, though not by any means as many as ought to do so.

Once a doctor wrote to the *Lancet* in these words: "Will nobody stop Mrs. Baldwin frightening the mothers?" My reply is that "it is they who frighten the mothers"—these old-fashioned doctors who say it's against nature to alleviate the pain, which, by the fortune of birth, they are not called on to suffer.

A safe means

SUCH an unchivalrous point of view, but one which, fortunately, I find the younger doctors do not share, for they are mostly with us in our desire to avoid unnecessary suffering; and the majority agree that childbirth is more difficult to-day than it was in bygone generations.

In addition to making grants to hospitals towards the cost of administering anæsthetics in normal cases of childbirth, the Anæsthetics Fund has helped to finance experiments at Queen Charlotte's Hospital, under the direction of Mr. Louis Carnac Rivett. These experiments have yielded a safe means of promoting analgesia by means of crushable chloroform capsules, which have received a generous and enthusiastic welcome.

The London County Council, after six months' experiment with these capsules, has decided to continue their use in every hospital under its control. We have sent free supplies to hospitals in scores of towns. Demands for the capsules have come from France, Denmark, Canada, the Gold Coast, India, Kenya, Tanganyika and the British West Indies.

We have supplied them now for more than a year, during which time we have sent 45,000 of them free to eighty-six hospitals and 197 private practitioners. In return we have received over 2,000 forms giving results, and in not one case has a maternal death been recorded.

We have also engaged a lady doctor to go round the hospitals to demonstrate their use.

But the Anæsthetics Fund is only one branch of the National Birthday Trust Fund. Our aim is to help to improve all the maternity services of the country, and to try to reduce our high rate of maternal mortality.

Two years ago we made a map which showed some of the evils of letting "Nature have her way." It is a map which I might call the black map of motherhood. It was designed to show at a glance the approximate rate of mortality among mothers in every part of the kingdom.

This map marked in pink every area where fewer than four mothers died for every thousand live babies born. A pink patch was something of a compliment to the district, for the number of women who died as a direct result of childbirth in 1932 numbered 2,587—or 4.21 for every thousand babies born in the year.

But pink was not the only colour on that map. There was grey, too, marking places where from four to six mothers died for each thousand live births.

And, worse still, there was black. Wherever you saw black on the map there were more than six deaths among the mothers for every thousand births, and I can think of no better reason for marking a place down as a black spot.

There are many lessons to be learnt from that map! And we are working to try and find out why the mortality in some areas is so much higher than in others. My own belief is that in a great number of cases the Medical Officers of Health have not used the powers given to them to safeguard the mothers.

Neglected power

LET us see some of the things a local authority is entitled to do:

It may appoint health visitors, establish ante-natal and post-natal clinics, subsidise midwives in districts too poor to support them and help to provide them with "refresher courses" that will keep their knowledge up to date.

It may provide special facilities for cases likely to prove complicated, grant home help, supply skilled nursing at home and fees for doctors summoned in an emergency, assist organisations formed to help the mother and her child, and do much else besides.

Too often, I am afraid, the local authorities have neglected to use these powers. Perhaps they have neglected ante-natal care, which, in my opinion, is more important than anything else in saving the lives of the mothers. The fact that those large towns which provide good opportunities for examining and advising mothers before their babies arrive usually have a lower mortality rate is a testimony to that.

Whatever the cause, however, a local authority has no right to regard itself as blameless in the matter while it is falling short of the standard set by the Ministry of Health. It would be idle to deny the fact that there is a lot local authorities could do, and must do, and it is for public opinion to see that it is done.

In several counties the maternal death-rate is over eight per thousand, and in some districts is as high as seventeen per thousand live births.

To realise what that means, you must make certain comparisons. You must set that figure of seventeen against the four per thousand in the case of the country as a whole, two per thousand in the districts attended by the nurses of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing, and 0.8 per thousand for the district cases in the Queen Charlotte's Hospital area.

In order to try and help to discover the most useful and practical ways of tackling this problem of maternal mortality, the National Birthday Trust Fund decided to undertake experimental schemes in particular districts.

The Rhondda Valley was chosen for the first of these experiments, and the Carnegie Model Welfare Clinic, which for five years had remained unused, has been opened, and, in co-operation with the Glamorgan County Council and the Rhondda Valley Urban District Council, arrangements are being made for the improvement of the maternity services in the area, by the provision of proper ante-natal care, of post-graduate courses for practising midwives in the district, and other facilities which it is believed may help towards the solution of the problem.

We also felt that it was of the utmost importance that the maternity services should be under one roof, and for that reason the National Birthday Trust Fund secured a big corner house in Lower Belgrave Street, and made it the headquarters not only of the National Birthday Trust Fund itself and the Midwives' Institute, but also of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing.

My dream service

WE hope in time that every midwife will be able to have "refresher courses" whenever necessary, so that her patients will always have the benefit of the very latest knowledge and practice.

In the better organised maternity service at which we are aiming, the need of proper ante-natal treatment is always to the forefront. I am the proud possessor of my own maternity home in Worcestershire, and there I have been able to see the good effects of this ante-natal care.

When this little hospital was opened in 1929 the maternal mortality for the county was, I am told, more than 5 per thousand live births. Within two years it was down to 3.3 per thousand.

I have a dream of the maternity service of the future. For every woman in every part of the country there would be proper ante-natal care and attention.

All over the country there would be enough beds for the mothers who preferred not to stay at home. There would be anæsthetics for rich and poor alike. There would be proper attention and rest—the sort of rest that mothers need so much after the babe is born.

All over the kingdom would be big maternity homes acting as base hospitals to the smaller ones, as was the case with the war hospitals from 1914 to 1918. To these bigger places all difficult cases would be sent.

Here would be the apparatus and knowledge for dealing with any emergency. Unnecessary suffering would be stopped, as it can be. The advances of medical science would be available to mothers generally, irrespective of station.

And the result, I believe, would be fewer motherless infants, weakly women and sickly children, and a fitter womanhood and manhood.

The MOUSE that

JUST five years ago the greatest romance ever seen and heard on the films was born.

It is the romance of Mickey Mouse, the most famous in the world, a creature of pen and ink and celluloid, a black and white phantom on a silver screen, the figment of one man's imagination. And of its creator, Walt Disney, who at thirty-two, it has made a multi-millionaire.

Ten years ago he arrived in Los Angeles, the front door of Hollywood, with £8 in his pocket and two failures behind him.

To-day he owns a £100,000 studio and employs a staff of 200 artists, "gag men," musicians and kinema technicians. His Mickey Mouse cartoons and Silly Symphonies bring him a return of £500,000 a year, and he owns his huge business, lock, stock and barrel.

The true history of Mickey Mouse is as fantastic as any of his adventures on the screen. It all began when the first Mickey Mouse cartoon, a picture called "Steamboat Willie" caused a "riot" at the highbrow Colony Theatre in New York.

Laughed out

It was put on with independent backing, money which Disney raised after nearly every film magnate in New York and Hollywood had laughed him and his ideas out of their offices.

A few weeks later Mickey Mouse took Europe by storm, first England, then France and Germany. And now, in five short years, Mickey has become the international mouse, the first mouse beloved of women, a mouse with an appeal that has stopped at no frontiers of language or race.

The Germans call him Michael Maus, the French Michel Souris, the Danes Mikkel Mus. To Spanish children he is Miguel Ratonocito, to Italians Michele Jopolino.

Even the East is enslaved by Mickey; in Japan they call him Micki Kuchi. And Communist Russia, though immersed in the grim ardours of the Five-Year Plan, has decided that Mickey is not a bourgeois and has allowed him in to bring a few laughs to good Communist workers. They call him Tovarish Miklas — "Comrade" Mickey.

Not for the first time a work of art which began with the idea of beguiling the hearts of children has ended by being raved over by grown-ups.

To-day it is estimated that over a million separate audiences a year see the adventures of Mickey Mouse.

Stranger still, and more miraculous from the box-office point of view, is that they go on drawing audiences long after their first runs have expired.

The life of a film, even a "super super," is a mayfly's life; it has its hour of public attraction and then is gone. A film revival is the rarest of all events. But Mickey Mouse adventures, four years old, still continue to get a showing and are still a "draw."

The popularity of Mickey Mouse is based on the same universal appeal as "Alice in Wonderland" and the fairy tales of Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen.

Perhaps there are as many grown-ups as children who read "Alice," and the great fairy tales of the Western peoples are blood brothers to the age-old stories which regale the children and the grown-ups of the East.

The Mickey Mouse cartoons are the fairy tales of the "Jazz Age."

But it was for children that the cartoons were first conceived, and their effect and their reaction on children is the criterion by which Disney measures the achievement of each of the "adventures" which he turns out to-day.

In America about a million children are members of Mickey Mouse clubs, which cover the whole country.

There is even one at Juneau, in Alaska, within the Arctic Circle, with Eskimo and Indian child members. These clubs are also springing up in England and many European countries.

Child dictators

They began as a clever publicity move, but now Disney uses them to measure the merits and demerits of his films. The opinions of the child members are consulted, their likes and dislikes noted.

A few months ago, to answer the aversion idea which has always clung round the humble mouse, to find out how far his cartoons had defeated this idea, these thousands of child members were asked in a questionnaire, "What do you think Mickey Mouse is?"

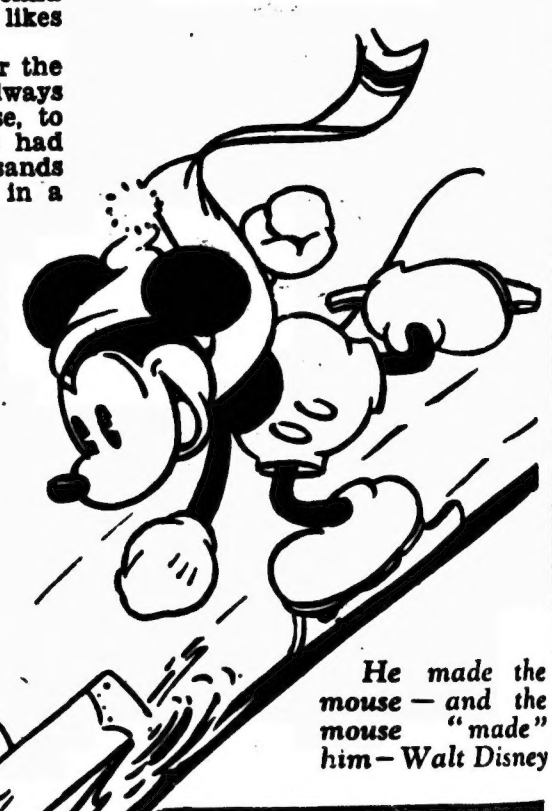
Eighty per cent. of the tots up to six years of age thought that Mickey was a cat! Sixty per cent. of the older children up to ten years thought he was a boy!

It may seem an absurd indulgence for a Million Dollar enterprise to allow itself to be dictated to by the needs and susceptibilities of children, but these publicity-born clubs now have that power.

For instance, the clubs are run on lines like Boy Scout and kindred organisations. Drinking and smoking are barred. Hence nobody has yet seen the screen Mickey Mouse drinking or smoking.

Disney personally superintends the activities of the children's clubs in America, where they are highly organised and are now a formidable philanthropic power.

During the worst phases of the Great Depression special matinées were held where children bringing potatoes and other foodstuffs were admitted at half-price. The goods



He made the mouse — and the mouse "made" him — Walt Disney

Makes the Whole World Kin

"—The Old World laughs to see such fun
For the Mouse runs away with the Gloom"

provided were distributed to the needy.

At Christmas toy matinées are held, when toys and infant garments are brought for poorer children. In some places hospital beds have been endowed by them and children's ambulances provided. Mickey, in his turn, works for children. At a great London eye hospital they have now an ingenious Mickey Mouse apparatus for correcting children's vision.

The little patient looks through two eye-pieces at Mickey Mouse's antics on some moving slides. At first the child sees two images, but gradually they are brought into one.

Exercising the eyeball muscles to correct a squint is usually a painful treatment, but in his excitement and interest in Mickey's adventures, the child forgets the pain and the operation proceeds smoothly and quickly.

In many American children's dental clinics they have Mickey Mouse adventures projected on a small screen fixed at an angle in front of the reclining child while explorations and such operations as fillings are going on. The pictures are used also to divert the child while an anæsthetic is being administered.

Mickey's conference

So much for Mickey Mouse as a power and a personality. Now a few facts as to how he is made.

All the Mickey Mouse films are the creation of one man—Walt Disney. There are fourteen new ones turned out from his studio every year. In addition there are a dozen Silly Symphonies. Thus, rather less than a fortnight each is allowed for the creation of each of these films, which even highbrow critics have described as "masterpieces of the kinema."

Disney's share in each film is the worked-out idea, and then the planning and allotting of the labour spread among his artists, musicians and technicians. Needless to say, he does not carry out any of the mechanical work—the drawing. He has an army of artists called animators and "in-between" men who do that.

As a matter of fact, Disney is such a poor draughtsman compared with the men he employs that he never actually draws a Mickey Mouse.

But to bring the idea into being in all its phases and then to keep his hands on the multifarious threads of gesture, movement, sound and accompaniment implicit in the original idea, and to repeat all that routine roughly once a fortnight is quite enough work for one man.

The preliminary creative stage of every Mickey Mouse film lasts about two or three days, during which Disney talks it over at conferences with his assistants, and sets it into shape complete with all its bellowings, moanings and assorted animal noises and gestures.

Thereafter, the idea gets down on paper in scenario form and is allotted to the studio workers.

The subsequent progress of a Mickey Mouse film is, roughly, as follows:

Making him live

First, the "animators" get busy. About seven drawings are required for every movement of Mickey Mouse. The animators draw the first and last, the Mickey positions at the beginning of each movement and at the end of it.

The "in-between" men do what their name implies. They draw the movements between, making slight alterations to the figure each time.

All these drawings are then transferred to celluloid, and then the backgrounds for each set of movements is drawn.

Altogether a ten-minute Mickey Mouse requires about 15,000 separate drawings, of which thirty or forty are backgrounds.

After all this lengthy and complicated drawing is completed, the movie camera steps in. The first drawing on celluloid—Mickey in his first position—is placed against its background and photographed, then the next one takes its place and is photographed, and so on.

These separate photographs, run continuously through a projection machine, make a Mickey Mouse film.

Ink-bottle "stars"

Sound and noises are put on after the film is made. A section of the film is run on a screen in the recording room. The music and noises are selected and, after being rehearsed beforehand, are played by the musicians while they watch the screen. When they have got the timing perfect, it is recorded on the sound track which runs along the film.

That, in brief, is how a Mickey Mouse film is made. Complicated at first sight, but really simple in routine. And cheap. No expensive "stars." Artists and an ink-bottle instead of actors. No expensive "retakes," wasting scores of thousands of feet of valuable film to use one thousand.

Which are other reasons why the £ s. d. of Mickey Mouse is so satisfying to its 'one-man business" creator and so galling to the film magnates who, five years ago, contemptuously shooed this young man with an idea from their sumptuous offices. This year Disney will have spent £160,000 turning out his film cartoons. They will earn £500,000, sixty per cent. of this profit to Disney.

But there are other side-lines to Mickey as a money-making proposition to his creator, quite apart from what he earns on the screen.

It is estimated, for instance, that about £12,000 has already been earned by gramophone records and sheet music royalties on the theme song from one of the cartoons—"Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" "Tin Pan Alley," the song publishing centre in New York, seized on it when it first heard it.

Everyone wants him

It has swept America and Canada, and now it is taking Europe by storm. It is the star song of the pantomimes this season.

And then there are royalties on Mickey Mouse trade-marks and copyrights on all kinds of goods. The money from this source has literally deluged down from the skies on Mickey's fortunate creator. Every air mail brings its quota to swell the pile.

A few years ago an astute American business man wrote to Disney asking if he could use the Mickey Mouse design on some children's sweets packages. Disney, not caring much, said "Yes."

But after that the Disney studios were inundated with similar requests from American big business houses always quick to "tie-up" their products with a popular figure.

To-day if you want to use a Mickey Mouse design you must pay for it, and the granting of the rights is in the hands of a subsidiary company, presided over by a high-pressure business executive and run by a huge staff.

There are now Mickey Mouse watches, shoes, ice-creams, cots, children's clothes, dolls, children's books and a host of other products. Even in Europe, at a Leipzig fair a year ago, it was estimated that 40 per cent. of all the novelties bore a Mickey Mouse trade-mark.

Mouse-made millions

Mickey also appears as a comic strip in thirty languages and forty countries. There are seventeen licence-holders in England and about another thirty in other European countries

Disney receives royalties on all these exploitations of his creation. In America alone it is estimated that Mickey will have helped to sell about £1,000,000 worth of merchandise from which Disney will receive 5 per cent., or £50,000. Add to this the receipts from those million audiences a year and it is easy to understand how the antics of his mouse have made him a multi-millionaire.

Typical of Disney, though, are the restrictions he imposes on users of his trade-mark.

Before permission is granted they must submit the drawing of the Mickey they intend to display to his business offices at Hollywood. If it isn't a sufficiently good imitation of the real Mickey—back it goes, until it is.

Belongs to the kiddies

Furthermore, the trade-mark "may not be used on any spirits, beers, liquors, cigarettes, nor on any product of whatsoever kind which can be deemed unwholesome for children." And the manufacturer must submit a sample of the products before the rights will be granted.

As Disney himself has said: "In the beginning, Mickey was made for children. *They* have made Mickey and me. In the beginning Mickey was good for children. We're going to keep that way."

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to—

Watch Committees WILL BE After You!

—MAE WEST

DEAR MAE WEST, — So London has passed you officially. The L.C.C. has approved of your new film.

But what will happen to you in Manchester and Birmingham and Cardiff? Their Watch Committees are stricter than is the London County Council.

Manchester once barred Maud Allan's "Salome" dance. Birmingham made Pavlova's company wear tights. Cardiff objected to Maurice Chevalier, whose French songs it thought too naughty

Censorship is the most difficult thing in the world. In England, it is so local that any Watch Committee can make its own rules, despite what London says.

Well, you have set Manchester and Birmingham and Cardiff a pretty problem

As you yourself boast—it is your film's title—"I'm No Angel."

One critic seeing that film, called it "Sophisticated dirt." A certain morning newspaper would not review it.

"It's a great picture," said one M.P. "But where was the Censor?"

He does not live in Birmingham or Manchester, or Cardiff either.

Now, the frankness of your picture is only one side of you. You are, with the single exception of Charlie Chaplin, the only one-man band in the film industry.

Like Charlie, you write the story. Like Charlie, you invent all the jokes, although yours are of a different kind. And, like Charlie you are your own great big star. You taught yourself all of it.

People may like you on the films. Or they may hate you. But, anyway, you are the legitimate successor to Marie Lloyd, who, more than anybody else, you resemble.

"Dear old Marie," they used to say. She was English.

"Look at that horrible woman, Mae West," many people will say. You are American.

It is hard to believe, but, for six years, you used to play Little Lord Fauntleroy, Little Eva, Lovey Mary, and the small girl who, in "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," sang "Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now." Yes, and Little Willie in "East Lynne."

It best explains you that, when you became a dancer, you originated the "shimmy." After training in "stock," and playing for five years in vaudeville, you became such a wicked woman on the stage that your plays, produced for next to nothing in a cheap down-town theatre in New York, caused the highbrows to laugh in the wrong places, and the police to interfere.

Indeed, on two occasions, you and your company were carted off to jail!

It was "Diamond Lil," of course, that made your name. You came on covered, they all said, with real diamonds, which you were declared to have earned with your pen and by your acting, and in a play that was based on the career of a star in a Bowery dive. You showed them that a bad woman could be good. That play had a moral. When it became a film, it was called "She Done Him Wrong." That had a moral, too.

But now, my dear Mae, I am afraid you have been very, very naughty.

Of course, I am used to it. I live in a world which consists of all kinds of people, one in which the good ones are not always the good ones, when you know them, and when the so-called bad ones are often really the best, though their virtues may be a long way underneath.

For ninety minutes, in "I'm No Angel," you are a vamp. You vamp even the jury assembled to hear your breach of promise case. The judge vamps himself, at thoughts of you, and calls to tea. Your hip display, as you pass them to go into the witness-box, nearly makes the jury shout, "Hip, hip, hurray!"

Now, the very good people who are numbered among my readers will reprove me for writing like this. They do not understand, though, that, as I first pointed out nearly ten years ago, we are back in the Restoration Age.

If Lloyd George is frank about the generals and admirals in his war book, if the Official History of the War is frank about Haig and French, if every ex-soldier is frank about the war which nearly killed him—well, everybody gets frank about everything else.

Besides, why should we all praise the vamping of Cleopatra and Nell Gwynne and the Queen of Sheba, and then get so horrified when the vamp is supposed to be still alive?

We may regret that, every now and then, you step over the border, although the L.C.C., officially, has said that it is not true. But, on the other hand, you are in private life a very womanly woman, of whom no whisper is ever heard.

Even in Hollywood you study and read all the time you are not acting. And then you go and do your stuff. And what stuff it is!

Women sit there envious. And men sit there afraid, fearful lest you should walk out of the screen and come and sit beside them.

So much that comes from Hollywood is fake. The stars, I mean, are merely over-advertised dolls, the puppets of producers. You are one on your own.

But tell me, Mae, *are those diamonds really real?*

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.,
Rutland Gate, London, S.W.

DEAR SIR AUSTEN,—The richest borough in the country, Westminster, has 20,000 people living in overcrowded and slummy houses. Six thousand live in basements.

So you never led a better deputation than that which protested against the milk-and-water proposals of the City Council for slum clearance.

Carry on that good fight, Sir Austen, and you'll win in the end.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. DAVID KIRKWOOD, M.P.,
House of Commons

DEAR DAVID,—For two years you have fought untiringly to get the unfinished Cunarder completed. Now the Government is going to provide financial facilities, but the private notice question that was necessary for this pronouncement did not come from you. Somebody else was selected

It seems to me that you were slighted. The Government's neglect to pay you the compliment you deserved was paltry in the extreme.

JOHN BULL.

EDMUND WALTER,
Chester

BLACKGUARD,—You, who were employed as a relieving officer to bring a little light into dark lives, stole the 15s. handed to you for a widow and filched other sums amounting to £30.

It was such heartless roguery that I am glad you will spend Christmas in jail. I am sorry only that you were not sentenced to a longer period than two months.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. LEONARD COOK,
Bootle

DEAR SIR,—George Edwards, driver of the lorry that accidentally killed your baby son, burst into tears when you seized his hand at the inquest and expressed sympathy with him.

You will know, as a man who understands humanity, that you have lifted a shadow from his life by your Christian act. And you will never speak a better sermon.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ROBERT CRANE,
North Quay, Yarmouth

DEAR ROBERT,—You started to save life at the age of fourteen. Now, at seventy-six, you have 114 rescues to your credit.

The mayor, in presenting you with £15 for diving into swiftly running water to save a child, congratulated you in the name of the town.

Yes, and not only Yarmouth, but the whole country should be proud of you.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. WALTER ELLIOT,
Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries

DEAR MR. ELLIOT,—I see that a commission is shortly to be set up to plan the reorganisation of the fishing industry.

But fishermen will not be represented on it.

I should have thought that a joke had you not made the announcement yourself. Perhaps the fishermen slipped your memory?

JOHN BULL.

JAMES FAWCETT,
South Shields

DEAR JIM,—For a lad of sixteen to show such pluck and grit as you have done deserves something more than praise.

A year ago, unable to find work in your home town, you left home without a penny in your pocket and have been tramping ever since, maintaining yourself by casual labour on farms.

Now, hearing that your mother was anxious, you have returned home. I am waiting to hear that you have found a good job. You have earned one.

JOHN BULL.

Major H. A. PROCTOR, M.P.,
Accrington, Lancashire

DEAR MAJOR,—While the Prince of Wales was telling Yorkshire that "peace is a very good motto," you were in Lancashire saying something very different.

"We have sacrificed our driving force in the interests of peace," you said. "Lancashire has been sacrificed on the altar of peace"

Perhaps you don't know that Japan was stealing Lancashire's world markets while Lancashire's lads were at war.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor H. I. WILLIAMS,
Mayor of Merthyr Tydvil

DEAR SIR,—I like your snub to the puritans who wanted all racing news in newspapers at the public library to be blacked out.

You pointed out that there are 13,000 unemployed in your town, and as they can't afford to buy a paper every day they go to the library to read the news.

And why on earth shouldn't they read the racing news as well?

JOHN BULL.

CHARLES SMITH,
Intake, Sheffield

CHARLIE,—There's a lot wrong with you, but nothing the matter with your cheek.

Stealing twelve trees from a garden, you took them straight to the house of a detective with the calm assurance, "I shouldn't be such a fool as to sell you something that was not straight."

Well, I'm glad he was not such a fool as you thought he was, and that you are now spending a three months' stay in jail to contemplate your folly.

JOHN BULL.

Supt. HUTCHISON,
Blyth Police

DEAR SUPER,—Obliged to prosecute a man for stealing coal worth sixpence, you found that he was out of work and terribly poor. You not only gave him coal of your own to kindle a fire for his five little children, but pleaded for him in court.

And the magistrates dismissed the case! That says a lot both for you and the Blyth justices.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. PERCY MACBETH,
Salford Stipendiary

CAUTIOUS SIR,—You were so indignant that you delayed sentence for a week in case you "went too far" when dealing with a lay pastor named Charles Gennoe, who had obtained money by false pretences.

According to the police, he was "a wicked liar who for three years had misused his position and lived on his wits."

Then you fined him £3! Why, oh why, did you delay that week?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. GILLIE POTTER,
North Hill, London, N.6

DEAR GILLIE,—You are thinking of standing as a candidate at the next General Election, in the hope of protecting the interests of stage artists in Parliament.

But there are plenty of men there already who can look after that question.

You'll do much more good by showing other artists how to keep humour clean and help us to forget our troubles with your cheerful nonsense.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. DOUGLAS COWBURN,
South London Coroner

DEAR SIR,—At an inquest on a window-cleaner who had fallen to his death you complained that though safety-belts are supplied, the men won't wear them.

Well, the wearing of these belts should be enforced. And it's time an example was made of those who not only risk their own lives, but are a potential danger to the people on whom they may fall.

JOHN BULL.

The Most Stupid QUARREL on RECORD

by A. G. Gardiner

—and how we should like to see it settled. A composite picture of De Valera and J. H. Thomas suggested as a design for an Anglo-Irish Christmas card

THIS is the season when it is pleasant to speculate on our favourite "wish." If I were asked to name mine, and had to exclude the personal element, I should have no hesitation in replying.

It would be that Mr. De Valera and Mr. J. H. Thomas should voluntarily and of good will exchange Christmas cards, with undertakings on behalf of their respective Governments that the stupidest quarrel on record should not survive the New Year.

I call it the stupidest quarrel on record because it is so unrelated to realities. Each side is sacrificing the substance of things to the shadow of things.

The substance of things is very obvious. Whether they like it or not, England and Ireland are, by the geographical and physical facts of the case, mutually dependent and complementary. The one is industrial, the other agricultural. They supply each other's needs, speak the same language, and through their common association are a part of the great world system of the British Commonwealth.

How important the economic tie between the two countries is may be illustrated by a few facts. In 1931, the year before the quarrel began, Britain sent the Free State £37,000,000 of goods, and the Free State sent to Britain £39,000,000 of goods. Between them, therefore, they did business to a total of nearly £80,000,000. Roughly, the exchange was balanced. There was a slight advantage to Ireland, but nothing that mattered. It was an ideal arrangement, equally beneficial to both.

What happened in the first year of the quarrel, 1932? Britain's exports to Ireland declined to £27,000,000, and the Free State exports to Britain to £32,000,000.

Again the advantage was slightly with Ireland. But the total turnover of business had fallen by £20,000,000, or more than a fifth of the total of the preceding year. And the fall is continuing. This year's figures will disclose a further decline.

Unequal Burden

The loss, though fairly equal in amount, is frightfully unequal in burden. For while British export trade to Ireland is only about a twelfth of our total export, the export trade of the Free State to Britain is 90 per cent. of the Irish total. Indeed, if we include—as we must for purposes of economic comparison—Northern Ireland, the naked fact is that the Free State has practically no market for its products outside Britain.

If you doubt this, take the official figures for last year:

Total exports of the Irish Free State, £26,940,228.

Total Free State exports to Britain and N. Ireland, £25,951,293.

In other words, the whole export trade of Ireland to the world outside Great Britain was less than a million. The Free State, even though it buys from the outside world, cannot sell to it. For its products happen to be those that other countries will not import.

Yes, says Mr. De Valera, I know all that, and am prepared for all that. He told his Mallow audience the other day that the English market had no further value for the Irish farmer. It was going and was bound to go, and he was prepared to see it go as the price of complete political and economic freedom from the British connection.

But this mutual trade is not the only interest that is to be sacrificed. If the quarrel is to be fought to the bitter end the common citizenship of the countries goes Englishmen will become aliens in Ireland and Irishmen will become aliens in England.

Fleet Street, Ireland

Again, the sacrifice, though the same for both sides, is inequitable. For reasons quite obvious, few Englishmen find a career in Ireland. For reasons equally obvious, multitudes of Irishmen find a career in England. In Fleet Street the Irish brogue is as familiar as the Scotch burr. The professions swarm with Irishmen. So does the Civil Service. Mr. Hugh Law, who long sat in Parliament as a Nationalist member, stated the other day that "at least half of the students of the famous Dublin medical schools now find work in other parts of the Commonwealth."

And it is not only the professional and educated classes who are to be cut off from the opportunities of the British market. The Irish working classes will lose the right of free entry at the British ports, and the great Irish labouring population already settled here will become *ipso facto* aliens. If they want to exercise the rights of citizenship they will have to become naturalised British as in America they have to become naturalised Americans.

And what is all this for? In order that Ireland may cut the last filmy political thread that connects her to the British Commonwealth and declare herself an independent republic.

I am the last person to challenge the right of Ireland, or of any other country, to make the bed that she has got to lie on. I have been a Home Ruler since Gladstone introduced his Bill of 1886, and I am a Home Ruler still.

I believe it was a tragedy that that Bill did not pass. If it had, the present situation would not have arisen. I believe, too, that it was a tragedy that when Home Rule came it did not embrace the whole of Ireland. If it had, there would have been no De Valera in power to-day.

But both we and Ireland have to deal with facts as they are. I do not know that it matters very much, given good will and certain securities, whether the Free State becomes a nominal republic as well as the *de facto* republic it is to-day. The bond of a common citizenship which binds the British Commonwealth together is a bond of sentiment, good will and common interest. It exists on that basis and will go if that basis goes.

But it should go, if it has to go, decently. Treaties arrived at by two countries should not be repudiated by one. Undertakings given under those treaties should not be violated without discussion and without consent. Debts contracted under them should be honoured, and if modified should be modified by negotiation and agreement.

And, of course, if Free State Ireland is determined to cut the painter she must take the disadvantages of her action as well as the advantages, whatever they may be. She cannot become a foreign Power and enjoy whatever privileges attach to membership of the British Commonwealth.

There is another consideration that deserves the attention of Irishmen Mr. De Valera wants a United Ireland. So do I. So, I imagine, does every Southern Irishman, whether Catholic or Protestant, Sinn Fein or I.R.A., follower of O'Duffy and Cosgrave or follower of De Valera. They all want union with the North That union, I believe, would be the making of Ireland. The North would supply the ballast that the Irish ship needs.

Path of peace

But a United Ireland cannot be achieved on the basis of an All-Ireland Republic. Mr. De Valera's objectives are mutually destructive. He can have a Free State Republic: he might with wisdom bring about a United Ireland within the British Commonwealth. But an All-Ireland Republic could only be established by force and conquest. And I shall not rate Mr. De Valera's merits so low as to think that he has that formidable adventure in mind.

Meanwhile let us embrace both him and Mr. Thomas in our Christmas benediction. May they both pursue the path of peace, good will and conciliation in the New Year!

Not from the B.B.C.—SIR HARRY LAUDER *on*

Ye Lochs *and* Loons

GIN a body spy a body
Bathing in the Ness,
Need a body rush to tell
The laddies of the Press
That he's seen a Monster there,
All red in tooth and claw,
Fiercer far than any that
Poor Tam O' Shanter saw?

Gin a body meet a body
Coming by the Loch,
Often it will gie a body
Quite a muckle shock;
It may be a bonnie lassie,
But she won't look such
To a body who has had
A wee drap owermuch!

Mind ye, I'm not sayin' that the fifty-one Scots wha hae gi'en their testimony aboot the Loch Ness monster are all boon companions o' John Barleycorn.

But what I do say is that there are more muckle monsters in a bottle o' Hieland brew than in all the lochs o' Scotland.

Mind ye, I'm only giving ma opeenion, but that ought to count for quite a lot, because, ye ken, I'm not in the habit of giving anything. Nobody, I'll admit, has asked me for my views on the Loch Ness monster, but I'm thinkin' it's time somebody wha kens all aboot the effects of a wee deoch an' doris had his say.

Nowanights gin a body fills a body up to the Plimsoll mark and then goes by Loch Ness he is practically certain to meet a monster. The only thing that has really surprised me is that nobody has reported having seen *two* of the beasties! I don't say, mind ye, that there are no monsters in Scotland. There is, for one, the Monster of Unemployment, and I reckon the Hoose of Commons would be better occupied dealin' wi' this rig-woodie-hag than wastin' its time with clishmacclaver aboot sea serpents.

There has been so much talk aboot this puir Loch Ness beastie that I wad na' be surprised if some of the scientists and politicians developed lochjaw (if ye ken the wee joke) before the loons are much older.

An' I ask you: what has our private monster got to do wi' the Hoose of Commons? I don't say I'm wantin' Home Rule for Scotland, but I do say that a race of men who are not fear't by the death agonies of the bagpipes and for generations has grappled wi' the haggis in its untamed state are quite capable of dealin' wi' their home-brewed monsters.

So, unless you want to make Caledonia really stern and wild—and nobody who has heard the pibroch in angry mood will want to do this—don't be takin' too much notice o' all you hear!

If you chance to hear a story of a man,
whose name is "Mac,"
Who went roamin' in the gloamin', but
who hurried quickly back
To tell of how, when walkin' by the banks o' bonnie Doon,
He heard a brontosarus singing love songs to the moon—
Do not get all hot and bothered o'er the horror of his plight,
He's most likely been assisting at a wee Scots' night.

If, on opening their papers, trusting Sassenachs should read
Of a man whose name is Donald and who dwells beside the Tweed,
And who swears that he encountered, on a braw, bricht, moonlicht nicht,
A neolithic platypus, a truly fearsome sight!
Don't expect the Hoose of Commons to form military plans—
Donald, maybe, was returning from a gath'ring of the clans!

When the last big bottle's emptied and the last dashed lie is told,
When the brave are even braver and the timid somewhat bold,
When there's one Mac or the table and a couple underneath,
Monsters, of all shapes and sizes, roam upon their native heath!
But these witches, wolves and warlocks vanish when the dawn is bricht—
They are merely incidental to a braw Scotch nicht!

BUY WISELY

ARMY CLUB

THE BEST OF THE SHILLING CLASS—BUT

20 for 10½D

Splendid value in the old days at 20 for 1/-
Extraordinary value now at 20 for only 10½D

FULL SIZE
FULL WEIGHT
FULL QUALITY

IDEAL FOR CHRISTMAS

Decorated tins of fifty, packed ready for the post, 2/2

How "John Bull's" Great Victory was Gained

THE PUBLIC SERVANT WINS

JOHN BULL has scored a remarkable victory. It is one of outstanding importance to our readers in particular and to both the Press and public in general.

It originated in an exposure that was made in these columns in June, 1931, and culminated in a libel action, which, after a twelve days' hearing, ended last week with a verdict in our favour, with costs.

Rarely have the issues in an action for libel been more grave or far-reaching. The plaintiff firm, a company named Wynter Brothers, Ltd., of Low Green Works, Bradford, sought to obtain heavy damages from us on the ground that our exposure meant that they were persistently committing acts of fraud and were knowingly guilty of criminal offences.

Though the case has not been very widely reported, numerous questions of urgent public concern were raised during the prolonged hearing, and it is a very gratifying fact that Mr. Justice Horridge, at the conclusion of the case, intimated to the jury that JOHN BULL had done a public service in exposing a firm which was habitually victimising poor people.

Tied hands

Wynter Brothers, Ltd., robbed its dupes in a systematic and barefaced manner. Its ramifications extended all over the country.

And the fact that those who suffered at its hands were, for the most part, small struggling traders, with a turnover of only a few pounds a week, made its operations all the more reprehensible and heartless.

For years a trade protection society, the Retail Pharmacists' Union, had been issuing warnings about its operations, yet it was able to pursue its swindling career unchecked until Sir Wyndham Childs, as head of our Investigation Department, devoted his "Weekly Informations" to a complete denunciation of its methods.

The immediate effect of the article was one of dramatic significance. Two police officers, from the Bradford City Police, entered the offices of Wynter Brothers, Ltd., and, producing the article, asked Mr. Walter Galloway, the managing director, what action he proposed to take.

His reply was to the effect that the article was not true, and that he had instructed his solicitors to issue a writ for libel—which he forthwith did.

Once effective publicity had been given to the activities of this firm, which dealt mostly in the manufacture and sale of chemical preparations, "booked" by touring canvassers, complaints poured into our offices.

But when a writ is issued, the editorial hands of a newspaper are tied, and we could, therefore, do nothing further until the action was tried.

Impudent fraud

A more impudent fraud upon the public would be hard to describe than that practised by Wynter Brothers, Ltd. And when we say that over one hundred separate complaints were referred to by Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C., the distinguished counsel who appeared for JOHN BULL, it will be seen at once how widespread was the victimisation to which honest traders were subjected. As the details of each case are more or less identical, we will here give only one typical instance of this firm's discreditable methods.

Its leading salesman, a man named Charles Jesse Perry—who, from the facts which emerged in Mr. Justice Horridge's Court, was the principal rogue in the picture—called some time ago upon a Nottingham woman who had a little shop in which she sold boots and shoes.

Mr. Perry, who is a man with a very eloquent tongue, urged the woman to order some of Wynter Brothers' products, among which was a curative foot paste known as "Amovon."

Now, though nobody in a small community would ever want to order such things in large quantities—the local sale for them being naturally restricted—the woman in the end, under Mr. Perry's gifts of persuasion, reluctantly agreed to order a few samples "for a few days' trial."

Tricked

Mr. Perry thereupon wrote certain things in his book, and, while the woman was stroking a dog in his waiting car, the traveller rushed up to her, thrust his book in her hands, and said "Sign this."

Not realising what she was really doing, she appended her signature, and Mr. Perry, the smart salesman, drove off.

Imagine her astonishment when, in due course, she received a large quantity of goods that she did not want, together with an account that was out of all proportion to the order she had actually given, and which it was utterly impossible to meet.

In every case reported to us similar glaring discrepancies were apparent. Poor people, rushed into signing documents in the manner we have described, found themselves confronted with bills that, in many cases, were far in excess of their slender means to pay.

So, with a formidable batch of complaints from Land's End to John o' Groats, we considered it in the public interest to publish a complete account of the undesirable methods of Wynter Brothers, Ltd., to protect further victims from being drawn into the net.

That we were justified is now universally known. Even the masterly manner in which Mr. Norman Birkett, K.C., conducted the case for the company could not outweigh the mass of damning evidence we were able to place before the jury to show that the fraud was carried on within the definite knowledge of the company's directors, and that it was cruel, systematic and deliberate.

When suffering clients refused to pay the preposterous accounts, and returned the goods to Wynter Brothers, Ltd., with genuine protests that they had not ordered such huge quantities, the systematic machinery of deception and fraud went on.

Agents of the company just re-posted them back to the complaining shopkeepers, pointing out triumphantly that "your signature is affixed to the order," and that the goods could not be accepted back, as they were "specially packed for you."

In some cases they added cryptic messages to the effect that, if the claim was further repudiated, the customer would be proceeded against with the utmost rigour of the law; indeed, in countless cases the firm went so far as to summon its victims in the County Court.

"Mr. Justice Horridge intimated that 'John Bull' had done a public service"

This latter device, in many cases, had the effect of making the dupes "pay up."

It is not surprising, when tactics of this type were employed, that the turnover of Wynter Brothers, Ltd.—which in the main, was really Mr. Walter Galloway—mounted rapidly until it was actually doubled.

And what of the libel action itself, which was so protracted that it entered into its third week? Our readers can have no idea of the enormous amount of research work, or of the huge cost, involved.

Thirty witnesses

Throughout this long period there were something like six counsel engaged, and thirty witnesses brought from all parts of the country had to be kept in constant readiness at the High Court while all the complicated issues were being fought out.

But it was a case that had to be fought, for it was one in which the high principle for which JOHN BULL stands—the protection of its readers from those who seek to prey upon them—was manifestly apparent.

JOHN BULL has never, in discharging a public service, allowed the question of money to stand in its way. And, though this action involved tremendous costs, we consider the money well spent.

In concluding this article, which we hope will end such scandalous trading tactics, we cannot do better than quote some short, but illuminating, passages which passed between Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C., and Mr. Galloway during the latter's cross-examination.

"Did you recently, Mr. Galloway, lend £8,000 to Wynter Brothers, Ltd.," asked Sir Patrick, "and has the company given you a debenture for the amount?"

When Mr. Galloway had agreed that that was so, the following question was put to him:

"I suggest that you were guilty of a trick in that you, anxious to defend your honour, so arranged the matter that, if your company won the action, it got paid, and if it lost it did not pay anybody?"

Thank you!

In these circumstances, Sir Patrick pointed out, "the defendants' chances of getting paid their costs if they win are not very great."

But whether JOHN BULL gets its costs, in either large or small measure, is not our immediate concern here.

A fraud, and a very deliberate fraud, was perpetrated on the public, and it is right and proper that those responsible for it should be stopped.

Throughout the hearing of the libel proceedings letters reached us from all parts of the country, from victims who had not seen our original exposure.

We thank them most sincerely for their splendid co-operation and public-spirited action in offering to side with us in our fight for Justice and Truth.

Write to JOHN BULL About It!

ONLY 8 MORE DAYS!

JOHN BULL'S Xmas Gift Offer CLOSING DEC. 30TH

Only eight days left! Your last opportunity of accepting "John Bull's" Xmas Gift offer of All-British Writing Sets which have delighted so many thousands of readers! Secure your gift package while there is still time. Cash your Gift Voucher at once.

John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher — VALUE **2/6**

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. *Available only until December 30, 1933.*

5/- for 2/6

21 YEARS—and STILL GOING STRONG!

"Twenty-one years is now the length of time I have used my 'John Bull' Pen, and it is still going strong."

From Mr. E. Allison, of Annfield Plain, Co. Durham.

FREE 2/6 GIFT VOUCHER

A Free 2/6 Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" Famous 5/- Writing Set. The handsome chasing of the Pen, superb finish, latest self-filling device and 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, all indicate the outstanding quality of this Set. **Two-year written guarantee with each pen.** The "Everpointed" Pencil, fitted with propel-repel-expel movement, matches the pen to perfection.

FREE 5/- GIFT VOUCHER

A Free 5/- Gift Voucher will be accepted as 5/- cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 10/- Writing Set De Luxe. Admire the graceful streamline of the Pen, the inlaid rolled-gold band, the lever self-filling device also of rolled gold. The Pen, which is unbreakable, has a heavy 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped. The "Everpointed" Pencil to match, fitted with propel-repel-expel movement has the same beautiful streamline and is complete with pocket clip and extra leads; this set is enclosed in a sumptuous butterfly-tinted Presentation Case. **Written Five-Year Guarantee accompanies each set.**

John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher — VALUE **5/-**

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 5/- in part payment of the "John Bull" 10/- Writing Set de Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. *Available only until December 30, 1933.*

10/- for 5/-

Cash Your Gift Voucher To-day!

John Bull's Xmas Gift Coupon.

To "JOHN BULL," Pen Dept. (J.6), 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value **2/6** which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" **5/-** Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for **2/6**, plus **3d.** for postage and insurance, making **2/9** in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value **5/-** which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" **10/-** Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for **5/-**, plus **3d.** for postage and insurance, making **5/3** in all.

CROSS OUT GIFT NOT REQUIRED.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Fine—medium—broad nib (cross out grades not required). Cross Cheque/P.O. / & Co. / and make payable to "John Bull." 23.12.33.

His present

His present need not be costly to be good. Player's Digger is the most successful tobacco made from Empire Leaf. Being so popular with many smokers it forms a splendid yet economical gift.

2/8 ¼ lb tin

PLAYER'S DIGGER

FLAKE · MIXTURE · SHAG

Also DIGGER HONEYDEW, DIGGER CUT PLUG & DIGGER BLACK CUT CAVENDISH

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P.D.25.

Would You like a Cheque for £20?

4 separate prizes of £20 must be won in a free, simple and fascinating Competition of "Fitting Phrases" which appear in this issue.

Turn to Pages 16, 25, 27 and 29.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

***ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED*, Proprietors of "John Bull."**

Council's Terrible Blunder

WRONGLY SACKED after 25 YEARS

SACKED after twenty-five years' loyal service! This is the tragedy that has overtaken William R. Lane, a dustman, formerly employed by the local council at Christchurch, Hants.

No fault has been found with his work, and no explanation has been given for his dismissal except that the Corporation had decided for some inexplicable reason that Lane should be sacked.

This man had been earning a weekly wage of £2 5s., and on this sum he supported his aged and bed-ridden mother.

Mother and son live in a modest little house in Stourbank Road, Christchurch, and now poverty, if not actual tragedy, has come to their small household.

Since his dismissal from the Council's service Lane has been unable to find work of any description, and owing to unusual and peculiar local circumstances he is not entitled to unemployment benefit.

This means that Lane and his bed-ridden mother are being slowly driven to despair. Their small savings have been exhausted and only the kindness of friends has kept them going.

These two poor souls are hopeless and helpless, wondering what will happen next.

When Lane was dismissed many people were justly indignant, for he was well known as a quiet, obliging and steady worker, who had done his work conscientiously and satisfactorily for a quarter of a century.

Hopeless, helpless, wondering what will happen next—William Lane and his mother

Living on 10s.

Feeling ran so high that a petition for his reinstatement was willingly signed by hundreds of ratepayers.

But this had no apparent effect on the authorities, who became obdurate.

Nothing was done and no official was able to supply a convincing reason for this old servant's dismissal.

Public sympathy was so strong that when the petition for Lane's reinstatement failed in its object, a fund was organised on his behalf, and there have been over five hundred subscribers.

Unfortunately, this fund, which has enabled Lane and his bed-ridden mother to exist and keep a roof over their heads, is now exhausted.

This means that the total weekly income of the Lane household is now ten shillings, which is the Old Age pension of the mother. This small sum is obviously insufficient to pay the rent and provide food for two people.

Lane cannot claim a pension, as he is below the pensionable age. He cannot claim unemployment benefit because he did not come under its provision.

So it is that a fine worker finds himself left high and dry between the Devil and the deep sea.

Another factor in this tragedy is that, some years ago, Lane was injured in the course of his duties.

No compensation was ever offered him, and when he recovered he carried on with his job like the loyal servant he is, although often suffering acute pain.

It should be mentioned that Lane is afflicted with a severe impediment in his speech, which is a handicap in his attempts to find other employment.

But this affliction, it should also be stressed, was naturally no handicap to him in his work as a Corporation dustman.

Another chapter in the Lane case was opened recently when the Christchurch Council, owing to the storm of protest which had been aroused by his unjust dismissal, sat in solemn conclave to reconsider his case.

At that meeting Councillor A. E. Shave said that it was his desire "that William Lane, a former employee of the Council, be offered the first vacancy on the outside staff of the Council."

A motion to that effect was warmly supported by councillors who must have previously been aware of the circumstances surrounding this old servant's dismissal.

Obviously, if Lane was to be given the first vacancy on the outside staff of the Council it was an admission that he should never have been sacked.

Unfortunately, this motion suffers from a deplorable vagueness, as it offers Lane a job on the Council staff *only when the first vacancy occurs.*

This situation may arise within five or twenty years. Meanwhile, what is to keep Lane and his mother from starving while waiting?

So, after all the discussion, it simply means that his case has been shelved indefinitely.

Even this much is to the unhappy man's disadvantage, because when he applies to an employer for a job he is likely to be turned down on the grounds that he has been promised a job by the Council.

The plain fact is that Lane should never have been dismissed.

For twenty-five years, we repeat, he worked conscientiously for the Council, and no complaints were ever made about his work.

Is this the reason?

It was once whispered abroad that Lane was afraid of dogs. Not a terrible sin, but even this is denied by Lane and by all those who know him.

Anyway, it seems strange that the Christchurch Council only discovered that Lane was afraid of dogs after he had been in the service of the Corporation for a quarter of a century.

Even if it were true, it would be no excuse for dismissing a loyal workman after such long service.

While officialdom thus wavers, the mother and son are struggling hard to live in their modest little cottage in Stourbank Road.

Let us remind the authorities that this pathetic couple, the son, eager and willing to work, but unable to find employment, and his mother, lying on a bed of sheer helplessness, are in direst poverty.

Recently Lane stated his case in his own blunt and honest way.

"I am grateful," said Lane, "for the kindness shown to me by sympathisers.

"I realise that this kindness cannot last for ever, and it is work that I want, so that I can keep myself and help my mother, as she should be helped in her last days.

"At the last meeting the Council promised me a job, but it was very indefinite. If they have a position to put me into, why cannot they do it now and let me earn my living, instead of waiting until I become a burden on the ratepayers?"

Justice demands—

That is the plain case of this old servant who has been so shamefully treated.

William Lane is the victim of cruel circumstances, and all our readers will share the indignation that has been expressed locally at the injustice meted out to him.

We can only urge the authorities to deal with his case at once and in a spirit of justice and fair play.

It is evident that he should never have been dismissed.

Justice demands that he should be reinstated, not . . . "when the first vacancy occurs," . . . but at once.

PSYCHIC FILM STAR

The charming film star, Bebe Daniels, gives examples of her psychic power in the magnificent 100-page *Picturegoer* Christmas Annual now on sale at the modest price of 6d. There are dozens of fascinating features in this colossal film review.

Get your copy without delay.

Homely Wisdom
by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

PEACE on EARTH

SOME years ago I paid a visit to Palestine and found it of very great interest, partly because it is the land of the Bible, and partly because it was the homeland of Jesus Christ.

Jerusalem, its ancient capital, is even to-day venerated by the many millions of adherents of three great religions—Christianity, Judaism and Mohammedanism. You see evidence of this on every hand. Jews, Mohammedans and Christians crowd each other in the streets and worship at their own separate shrines.

One of the most striking sights I saw was a throng of Jews, many of them young men, standing with their faces to the ruined wall of what was formerly their national temple, chanting a solemn lament for its destruction and the scattering of their race all over the globe.

I said to a young Turk who was driving me: "What have they got to lament about nowadays? Under British control their country has been restored to them and they are able to make it their national home."

His reply startled me. Giving me a wicked, side-long look, he spat out between his teeth: "Take your garrison out of Jerusalem and we will cut the throat of every Jew before nightfall."

There was not the smallest doubt that he meant what he said, and we have had proof enough since of the volcanic fires of race hatred that are ever ready to burst forth in that small land which has witnessed more fanatical cruelty and massacre than any other although it is the one land that more than any other has sent forth to mankind the ideals of unity and brotherly love.

I went down to Bethlehem to see the spot where Christ was born and found it guarded by British soldiers lest there should be any outbreak of fierce passion between the pilgrims of different nationalities who pour into that little old city all through the year, but especially at Christmas time.

The announcement has been made that the B.B.C. in conjunction with New York will broadcast to the ends of the earth on Christmas Eve the sound of the bells of Bethlehem. It is an amazing modern miracle that we are thus promised.

No one will hear the bells of Bethlehem pealing through space without thinking of that night of long ago when the herald angels sang to listening shepherds: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

We are still longing and waiting for that message to be fulfilled, but it is sadly slow in coming to pass. At the present hour the hope of universal peace seems as far from realisation as ever.

It is no exaggeration, but sober fact, to say that civilisation will perish unless we can put an end to the stupid and selfish hates and fears that make wars.

The most urgent moral issue of our time is just this: Can we put into practice what the name of the Prince of Peace stands for in the esteem of mankind, or can we not? On the answer to that question depends the whole future of ordered human society.

It is the peoples themselves who must answer it, not the politicians; or the politicians only on the mandate of the peoples. And this means you and me, reader, and millions like us. We must think peace, will peace, work for peace, or it will never come. Peace in the heart must precede peace in the world at large.

And peace in the heart is no baseless dream but a living power, the power of God, going forth in benediction to all that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.

£20 MUST BE WON FITTING PHRASES NO ENTRANCE FEE

On this page are reproduced seven advertisements and a series of descriptive phrases. Which phrase do you consider best applies to each advertisement? A prize of £20 will be awarded to the reader who on either form submits the correct or nearest correct placing of the seven phrases in the most appropriate manner as decided by the Advertisement Director of "John Bull." In the event of a tie the prize of £20 will be equally divided. The prize of £20 must be won. THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE—all that you have to do is to study carefully the advertisements and the phrases on this page. Each advertisement has a LETTER in the top left-hand corner and each of the phrases is NUMBERED. On the Entry Form below indicate in INK the way in which the seven phrases in your opinion apply most aptly to each of the seven advertisements by writing PHRASE NUMBERS in the blank spaces underneath the LETTERS on Coupon. No phrase may be used more than once. No correspondence will be entered into. Send your entries in an envelope sealed (1½d. stamp).

CLOSING DATE:
Sat., Jan. 6th, 1934.
The name of the winner or winners will be announced in "John Bull" issue published Thursday, Jan. 25.

FIT THESE PHRASES

1. You may pay more—you won't do better.
2. They all come back for more.
3. You can't do better than try it.
4. Strengthens—nourishes—sustains.
5. Goes further—lasts longer.
6. To be so popular it must be good.
7. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:
Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

A

On Quality Alone

'CLUBS' CIGARETTES BROKE THE HABIT OF SMOKERS BUYING ORDINARY 5 FOR 2D. CIGARETTES

'CLUBS' are trumps

C.25

B

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH!

C

—it's great fun

Use Dennison Crepe and Dennison Decorated Crepe. So easy to work—so easy to make your Christmas Decorations different and far more attractive. Just as useful and practical for making Party Caps, Favours, Table Decorations, Streamers, &c.

Ask your Stationer for

Dennison-Crepe

Dennison Victor Ltd

D

KEEPS YOU RIGHT ON TOP

A well-groomed head is not enough—hair health is equally important. Although Brylcreem "gives you that well-groomed not gummed" smartness—its valuable tonic properties promote healthy lustrous growth. It never clogs the pores or causes a dry scalp, but prevents scurf and dandruff.

9d., 1/-, 1/6, 2/6

BRYLCREEM
The Perfect Hair Dressing

E

banish INDIGESTION as this man did

"Moorland Tablets are without doubt the best I have ever had for indigestion, heartburn, flatulence and acidity. There must be thousands of people in England yet who ought to know the worth of these tablets. If taken after meals there will be no indigestion. In fact, I suffered chronically until recommended to try Moorland Tablets and can honestly say I received benefit from the first packet. I am never without them and now can take any kind of food and never have any trouble. I cannot recommend them strongly enough to all sufferers of indigestion."

Free yourself to-day of all the agonies of indigestion. Enjoy life—eat what you like. Moorland Brand Indigestion Tablets will give you instant and wonderful relief. There is nothing so good. Ask for Moorland and refuse substitutes.

AT ALL CHEMISTS. 7½d.
No proprietary rights claimed.

MOORLAND BRAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

Take 2 Moorland Tablets after meals and eat what you like.

F

There's Health & Wealth in every glass—

read the following for FREE GIFT OFFER

DR. WATSON'S TONIC STOUT MAKER

A real Home Brew at less than 1d. per pint. Most easily made. Success assured. Saves you money. Always healthful and nourishing.

Will you send 9d. and we will send you per return a box sufficient to make 2 gallons, and we will include a charming FREE GIFT which alone is worth the money.

A Christmas offer which cannot be repeated.

BIRMINGHAM FOOD SUPPLY CO., LTD., VICTORIA WORKS, BIRMINGHAM, 12.

G

"SATISFIED! You've said it!" says BOLENIUM BILL...

And here's why! All seams double sewn with 16 Boot Thread: Buttons detachable for washing; exclusive new Non-slip Buckle; extra strong Dust and Grease-proof material. Bolenium Overalls are cheaper in the long run and smarter and more comfortable all the time.

66

Ask your outfitter or write for name of nearest stockist.

BOLENIUM OVERALLS OF EVERY KIND

BOLENIUM OVERALLS
Upton Park, London, E.13

1 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....
(Section 1) Write clearly in Ink.

Coupons for Section 1

Other £20 Contests on pages 25, 27 and 29

1 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....
(Section 1) Write clearly in Ink.

Weekly Informations from Major-General Sir WYNDHAM CHILDS

A Country MANSION Knave

Appleby Hall, Appleby Magna, the derelict building which Cart so cleverly "took over"

A MOST novel series of frauds has just been perpetrated by a rogue who confounds all popular conceptions of the clever criminal.

He is a grey-haired man of 70, named Arthur Cart, whose favourite pose is that of a wealthy country squire indulging in stock and produce transactions more for his own amusement than for profit.

Actually he is a thorough-paced scoundrel whose real aim is to enrich himself at the expense of others. And he has worked some of the most impudent swindles imaginable.

Ruined headquarters

His activities have spread as far as Antwerp, Paris and Ostend, but for the purposes of this article I shall confine myself to certain unique frauds which he has staged from premises at Liverpool, Leicester, Stafford, Mablethorpe and Chesterfield.

Some of his more recent operations have been directed from Mill House Farm, Hinckley Road, Leicester—sometimes termed "Ye Olde Mill"—in connection with a concern which he was pleased to call the Farmers' Produce Company.

Though his scattered clients were not to know it, Cart had acquired these premises after they had been the scene of a bad fire.

All he was concerned about was having a good address, and with infinite resource he proceeded to make the very most of the ruined buildings.

One part, for instance, was set aside as the "warehouse," another as the "office."

A third section became the "car mart," while yet another portion was grandiosely described as the "City Spare Part dépôt for sale of spare part and car accessories."

Having set the stage in this ingenious fashion, he took premises in some of the towns I have named above and put relatives and employees in charge of them.

Some were to be used as "warehouses," some as "local agency depots" and others conducted as retail shops.

Then, in the very centre of Leicester, Cart opened a large shop in which, under the trading title of the Farmers' Produce Company, goods of all kinds were offered for sale at bargain prices.

Using most elaborate notepaper, and ably assisted by his associates, now dotted about in different parts of the country, he began to order goods on a most extensive scale.

And strangely enough, he did not confine himself to farmers' produce. It is true that he arranged to purchase cattle, poultry, pigs, eggs and produce, but at the same time he contrived to place orders for such miscellaneous articles as linen, boots, shoes, fancy goods, and even underwear.

Many firms, impressed by his literature and the fact that he wrote from such a good address, and appeared to have branches and dépôts throughout the country, executed his miscellaneous orders without troubling to ask for references.

Short-lived boom

Those who were less trusting were soon furnished with references that appeared satisfactory in every way, which is not surprising in the light of the discovery I have now made that they were supplied by some of Cart's confederates.

As consignments of goods poured into his headquarters, Cart opened further retail shops in order to dispose of them.

One, a millinery and fancy goods shop, in Liverpool, did excellent business.

But the season of prosperity could not last. Creditors soon began to grow restive, and a day came when the Liverpool premises closed down and disillusioned dupes clamoured in vain at its doors.

By this time serious complaints were arising among farmers and wholesalers throughout the country, and Cart now abandoned his Leicester premises, callously leaving his dummy associates to face the music.

Since his disappearance all kinds of frauds have come to light that were clearly inspired by this tireless "squire." One concerns a drove of cattle he obtained from a firm of London stock dealers.

A cheque which he handed in when concluding this deal has now been dishonoured, while the cattle, I find, were promptly disposed of by auction at a provincial market.

Audacious plan

The trick of acquiring old mansions is a favourite one with Cart, apparently, for there is evidence of a similar series of frauds, effected from Appleby Hall, Appleby Magna, in the county of Leicester.

In this connection he worked very closely with another rogue, who calls himself Captain Taylor, and together they obtained building materials, timber, furniture of all kinds, greenhouses, poultry, paint, oils, cars, and cycles.

Nothing was ever paid for, and the significant feature of these frauds is that in every case the goods were intercepted at a local railway goods dépôt and removed in lorries.

The reason for this is now all too apparent, and it throws an illuminating sidelight on this scoundrel's superlative audacity.

For Appleby Hall, Appleby Magna, Leicestershire, which is as high-sounding an address as anyone could wish for, is actually a ruin that has been derelict for some time! Could impudence go farther?

While staging huge frauds of this type, Cart has travelled up and down the country, visiting the big agricultural shows in search of likely victims among farmers and dealers, with whom he has hobnobbed as a bluff, country squire of independent means.

It is not surprising, in view of the colossal frauds I have described, that numerous warrants are now outstanding for this man's arrest.

Originally a butcher by trade, Cart has led a most chequered career and has had more than a score of convictions for various offences, including fraud and the deliberate sale to the public of meat which had been condemned as being unfit for human consumption.

One of his chief accomplices in his latest frauds has been a woman named Agnes Westacott, who is believed to have fled the country with him.

In view of the very widespread nature of Cart's frauds, no effort should be spared to run him to earth and bring him back to this country to stand his trial.

PIFFLE from PARADISE STREET

IN the Midlands a canvasser is busy distributing an illuminating leaflet on behalf of the Harrow Trading Co., of 28, Paradise Street, Liverpool.

Householders are urged to send postage for a catalogue of money-making literature. Their attention is immediately attracted to the order-form at the bottom of the page.

Foremost among a galaxy of books revealing the secrets of electricity business methods, memory training, letter writing, Esperanto and journalism, is a publication entitled "The Key to Success in the Mail Order Business."

The contents of this would lead us to believe that the staff of the General Post Office is in for an exceptionally busy period.

The circular boasts of "wonderful possibilities of the mail-order business"; "success in the mail-order business"; "mail-order business in small towns"; "mail-order business for women."

The publishers almost convince the reader that "there is always something in this big world for willing hands to do," and go on to advocate independence.

In thirty-six chapters this new treatise on money-making at home sets out to show how to start a business with a few shillings outlay.

It not only tells why toilet sundries are easy to sell, but it reveals the methods of making and selling shampoo powder, bath powder, and face cream.

All the mysteries of post-office regulations, of proprietary trade-marks and names, the way to make metallic cement, washable distemper, and luminous paint are narrated.

• • •

And, should you fail to succeed after practising the methods outlined, there is a special chapter on the reason why.

The "splendid opportunities" offered are very similar to many money-raising schemes we have criticised.

We are not even thrilled by the announcement that a surprise gift will be despatched with every book ordered within seven days.

In fact, more interesting is the announcement that chapter twenty-seven of this volume demonstrates how to sell "five shillings-worth of goods for 1s. 6d.," whatever that may mean!

It is extremely doubtful if this book contains £3 3s. worth of knowledge as claimed in the circular.

Incidentally, it is interesting to note that the Harrow Trading Company was registered as a business name, not to carry on a publishing business, but to act as drapers and general merchants.

The Human Machine

REAL TESTS

FEW people ever give themselves a real test. We are mostly content to jog along, priding ourselves on our ability to do what we should—more or less—and avoid any serious lapses.

There's no great virtue in it. If our particular strength is a retentive memory, we don't merit congratulations because we don't forget. There's no reason why we should forget. Bad memory isn't one of the enemies we have to fight.

If we are naturally industrious and painstaking we needn't expect medals because we're not lazy and slipshod. We've done nothing to deserve them.

There's no great merit in exercising traits from which we never feel the least temptation to depart. Merit isn't won that way, it's won by a constant fight to overcome weaknesses.

The man who is naturally lazy, but who forces himself to be industrious, who is habitually careless, but who trains himself to be methodical, whose whole inclination is to put things off, but who takes himself by the scruff of the neck and forces himself to do at once whatever turns up—these are the people who deserve all the congratulations that may be going.

The real test to which we should submit ourselves is to ask at the end of every day how often we have failed to bring under control what we know to be our own particular weakness.

It may be hastiness of temper, ill-judged speech, carelessness, laziness, procrastination—one of a thousand things. We've all got some defect we ought to remedy.

When we've frankly admitted it and cured it, then—and not till then—we're entitled to give ourselves a pat on the back.

by George Lansbury

THIS year, on Christmas Eve, the Bells of Bethlehem will resound over the wireless throughout the world.

Men and women scattered over the four quarters of the globe will, at a given moment, for the first time in human history, be asked to give heed to the song of the angels, which, we are told, was heard in the fields of Bethlehem 2,000 years ago.

I am asked: What would I say if I were broadcasting to the world from Bethlehem this year?

Well, to begin with, I should ask my listeners to think of the wonders of wireless, which are still to be fully revealed to us.

This we know: God's Word, as Christians understand it, is now heard at the ends of the earth. The difficulties of language are fast being overcome; people of divers colours, creeds and nations in ever-increasing numbers speak and understand the same language.

This in itself is a great advance, and must mean that, as the days pass, statesmen, theologians and others will be less and less able to mislead the common people, and the common-sense of most will soon become a determining factor in the life of nations.

Let us remind ourselves, as the bells ring in our ears, that Jesus was the Son of Mary and Joseph, and, we are told, came to the world as the incarnate Son of God. He came specifically to teach us how to live.

Triumph of love

We may or may not accept the story of the Virgin birth, but who will deny the truths He taught, or deny that, once mankind adopts His code of ethics, "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea"?

The glory of God means the triumph of love over hate, brotherhood over strife, and co-operative life over competitive death.

Make no mistake about it: this is the message and challenge of Bethlehem, and once again in human history the voice of God, this time to be heard through the chime of the bells, calls to us all: "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?"

I like to think of the life of this Christmas baby Boy as a human one, born in a manger, cradled in an ox's stall, driven out with His parents, fleeing from the hatred and jealousy of an alien king, born in poverty, worshipped as a king, loaded with presents from rich men, adored by shepherds who had heard the song of angels heralding His birth.

Perhaps this story is all mythical. I think, in the main, it is real, and that this Baby, Who became the most mighty and powerful of the "terrible meek," is in a real sense One Whose mission on earth was to save us from our sins by telling us how to live without offence to each other or against the laws of God.

He came to the common people, lived the life of the masses, talked when a boy with wise men in the courts of the Temple, and confounded them by His knowledge and understanding. When the day came to go out on His mission, He chose as His comrades peasants, workers, fishermen.

How wonderful it is for us common folk to realise that this chosen One should gather to Himself men and women with no material possessions, yet possessing the greatest of God's gifts to man—understanding.

His life's history is a short one—thirty-three years. Three years sufficed to deliver His message. And what a message it is! How universal in its application! Whenever He spoke He uttered words which conveyed truths which, if ever mankind is to be freed from strife, must be accepted by every generation, no matter what period of time they may live in.

This Saviour of the world was no kill-joy. He attended feasts and dances, mixed with tax-gatherers and other sinners, took food with such people as were outside the pale of respectability, declared the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath.

"Unto this last—"

When self-righteous people took the woman guilty of adultery to Him for condemnation, He asked her accusers to look into their own lives and challenged their verdict in words which are immortal: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone."

In these days it is good to remember that He also laid down quite clearly the Socialist principle of work or maintenance: you remember His words—"I will give unto this last, even as unto thee."

This Bethlehem baby, grown to manhood, was no mealy-mouthed simpleton. He was full of love and compassion, but equally full of scorn for those who either consciously or without thought did wrong or condoned evil.

Let us all, whether on Public Assistance Committees, in the House of Commons, or in government in any form, give heed to those who injure the little ones.

Malnutrition, semi-starvation of God's little ones, is an offence which we are told is of such consequence that those who are guilty were better cast into the sea with a stone about their necks.

He also denounced those guilty of graft and usury, the moneylenders and money-changers. These He drove out of the Temple, calling them thieves. The impious who battened on the lives of the masses He denounced as vipers, whited sepulchres and devourers of widows' houses.

All this shows how human He was and how direct and straight was His conversation with men as a consequence.

Story of the bells

The common people heard Him gladly. Others heard Him without hatred and dismay. As the days passed He found Himself hailed as a king. His revolutionary gospel was indeed turning men's thoughts upside down.

This wonderful Teacher broke through all customs, all traditions which were dividing people. He thought and spoke in terms of humanity and therefore He paid no heed to whether people were bond or free, Jew or Gentile: all were one in His sight.

This Christmas Eve, as we listen to these bells from Bethlehem, we think of His birth. May I ask you what His life and teaching mean to you? Leave out, if you will, all thoughts of theology, of sects or other-worldliness.

The bells will remind us of the song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

What does peace on earth mean to us?

So far as our daily life is concerned these words mean very little. You and I are set in the midst of a competitive struggle from which there is no escape except in death. No one is able to exist in modern society outside the arena within which this struggle goes on. Bishops, priests and kings are all in it. Financiers and merchants are in it. So also are workers of every sort and kind.

No one is above the battle: if we are not ourselves actually fighting in the struggle, then some others are fighting for us, whether we be beggars, politicians or parsons. We cannot escape the dilemma.

Even so, our position is not hopeless. We have the power when we possess the will to sweep away all man-made evil.

Simple message

If I were broadcasting from Bethlehem, I would remind you that 2,000 years ago, when Christ was born in that city, plague, pestilence and famine perpetually threatened the life and well-being of man.

To-day man is conquering every sort and kind of disease, is able to bring into existence every sort and kind of those material things we require for the satisfaction of our needs.

What is it we lack? In what way do we fall short?

The message of Christ to the world is quite simple, whether we hear it from Bethlehem or read it in the story of His life.

Asked by a rich man what he should do, Christ said "Sell all thou hast and give to the poor." The young man went away sorrowful because he had great possessions.

Asked by a lawyer "What must I do to inherit eternal life?" He replied by a question as to what was written in the law, and the lawyer replied, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself." And Christ added the words "This do and thou shalt live."

This is the only solvent for our national and international troubles.

Within our own nation we can, as a people, establish, whenever we desire to

The BETHLEHEM BROADCAST I'd Make

do so, the co-operative kingdom of God. No one man or group of men can do this alone. Voluntary co-operation only palliates the evil. We are all part and parcel one of another.

Therefore we must join together and work for the day when men will understand the simple truth that God is not some mysterious person away from us, but is here in our midst and is, in fact, the inspirer of everything that is good and beautiful in life.

We must love and worship not self-interest, not ambition, not money, not our own selfish sex or other appetites, but at the shrine of holiness which is not smothering or killing desire, but finding the best and most satisfying expression of these in the lives of each other.

Losing our life and finding it in the lives of our fellowmen and women does not mean sacrifice: it means finding our way to a more abundant, a more joyous life.

From Bethlehem I would say to you that these dark, gloomy days through which we are passing shall be turned into days of triumph and rejoicing.

"The few will not, shall not, for ever sway,
The many who toil in sorrow.
The gates of hell are strong to-day,
But Christ will rise to-morrow."

So sang Gerald Massey in the days when the workers of Britain were just learning how to think and organise.

Progress, but—

We have made much progress in thought and organisation since then, but so far do not yet trust our own common-sense. We continually look beyond ourselves for counsel and strength, continually pin our faith first to this wise person, then to some other.

What is needed from us all is the simple understanding that the kingdom of God is within us, and will only be established by and through our own efforts.

The economic war out of which scarcity in the midst of abundance is brought about is in these days only possible because people like us believe a handful of people can think and act better for us than we can think and act for ourselves.

However faltering may be our footsteps, however difficult the road we have to travel, it will not always be uphill. Some day, perhaps sooner than we imagine, a new light will enter the minds of men.

My faith rests with the common people. The astute and the learned, scientists and others, scheme and plan, organise and rationalise, add enormously to man's achievements on land, sea and air, and then with a total disregard of the interests of mankind, set to work to devise machinery and regulations for the destruction of all they have created.

We who belong to the Unlettered Class, whose education came to us from the school of experience, will have no part or lot in such nonsensical lunacy. On our banner we inscribe the words "Life and Life more abundantly." The glorious true common-sense teaching of the Bethlehem baby Boy is good enough for us.

Christmas Eve in Bethlehem — the annual procession to the Church of the Nativity

Changing nature

Looking across the centuries since His birth we are able to judge the truth of His teaching. Love has never failed: it is still true that the greatest thing in the world is love.

Slowly but surely the masses are learning this. Methods they adopt may be all wrong. Nevertheless, it is true that many who dislike the word religion do as a matter of mere fact call people to their ranks to assist in a struggle for an impersonal object; and also, we are all now convinced that class war arises out of economic conditions which are not static laws of Nature or of God, but are just man-made conditions which can easily be swept away.

It used to be said that we could not change human nature and that wars and preparation for war would always be with us. The condition of the world 2,000 years after the birth of Christ appears to give some colour to this view.

I do not speak blindly or without thought when I say it is impossible for me to believe this hopeless doctrine which, if truly held, means the destruction of any desire to live. I cannot accept war as inevitable.

Whatever there has been of human progress has always come from the masses. Wars are not made by the masses or in their interests. Christ was, and remains, one of us.

Emperors, kings, rulers of all kinds have united to keep back those who taught His truths. The Roman chief who said "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean," was head of an empire which crumbled into ruins because it was founded on the shifting sands of imperialist greed and domination.

In our own day we can see what Dead Sea fruit imperialism has brought to our people.

I ask my young and middle-aged "listeners" not to despair. All we hoped for is not lost because Hitler rules in Germany and we rule in India, and because we quarrel with our Irish friends. Neither is everything lost because the rulers of the world fail to bring peace and security by abandoning economic strife, war and armaments.

No, my friends, you and I remain. Who knows, if we were counted, how many millions there are with us? Do you remember, when the prophet cried out in despair, "I, even I, only am left," he was reminded that at least 500 had not bowed the knee to Baal?

Mankind is weary, heart-sick and sad with strife. Especially is this the case with people like myself. But peace can only come to us through struggle.

The first disciples went out full of faith, full of hope. They were met with persecution and death: but the blood of martyrs was the seed of the Church.

Ours is an easier, more pleasant task. We must believe that those conquer who believe they can. We need no poison gas, no armaments: we find our weapons in the armoury of love, brotherhood and co-operation.

Worship in deeds

The words of Christ are true: "So I am with you alway, even unto the end." He bids us engage in a warfare of the spirit. Ours is the task of convincing mankind that we must worship God in deeds as well as on our knees in church or at home.

There are those who say we only wish to save our own miserable skins, that we lack courage to fight and, if need be, die. No one denies, or would wish to deny, the bravery and endurance of the battlefield, or on the sea, or in the air; but why should any mother endure the danger and pangs of childbirth simply in order to make sure her nation has enough boys to go out to murder other mothers' boys?

I frankly do not bid you sacrifice life. This has been given us for the service of God through love and service of mankind. For me a day on the battlefield, even were I young, would be no terrifying experience if I were convinced my death would serve the cause of the people.

I appeal, however, for service on the battlefield of propaganda and argument. This was the method the disciples were told to adopt.

You are wanted as evangelists in workshop and counting-house, in mine and mill and factory, in Parliament and in Council Chamber, proclaiming the acceptable day of the Lord, telling men and women we are living in great days, that God's gift of bread and bequest of peace are here for all to enjoy, once we cease from strife and accept as literally true the teaching, "One is your Master . . . and all ye are brethren."

"I shall strive—"

This would be my Christmas message from Bethlehem if it were my privilege to speak from that city.

I should end by saying that I know, no one better, how hard it is in the rough and tumble of life to preserve one's faith in the scheme of things; nevertheless, I shall strive by God's good grace to preserve mine, and from the depths of my own shortcomings cry aloud: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Our cause can never fail. Somewhere, sometime, the harvest will be reaped.

"These things shall be. A loftier race
than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls
and light of knowledge in their eyes.
There shall be no more sin, nor shame,
though pain and sorrow may not die;
For man shall be at one with God
in bonds of firm necessity."

Pains In The Back

banished by Kruschen

In his case it was constant backache. That cruel, dragging pain caused by sluggishly working kidneys. What a lucky chance it was that led him to try Kruschen! What an enthusiastic, straightforward letter he writes in praise of "the little daily dose." Read it :—

"*I used to have a constant pain in my back (lower portion), and I tried everything. I was even X-rayed, but the pain was still there. I commenced using Kruschen Salts, and they made a wonderful difference to my health. I have now taken one quarter of a teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts before breakfast regularly for the last 5 years, and I have derived great benefit from them. I greatly appreciate the fresh, energetic feeling one has when one rises in the morning. I tried some other salts the other day, which were supposed to be very good and cheaper than Kruschen, but they did not agree with me. I felt a dull, liverish feeling all day, and the salts seemed to irritate me. There is no doubt whatever that Kruschen Salts have an exhilarating effect on one's system.*"

Henry A. Watson (Artist), Cumberland.

The six natural salts in Kruschen keep **all** the internal organs (including, of course, the kidneys) working as they should, constantly and **naturally** expelling all poisonous waste matter from the system. Moreover, these six salts are arranged with such scientific exactitude that there is no possibility of lowering after-effects, however consistently "the little daily dose" is taken.

Tasteless in Tea.

Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/- and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle contains 96 "daily doses"—three months' good health for a farthing a day.

CAN A TOILET ARTICLE HAVE A 'FAN MAIL?'

Are you a famous film star?

If you *were*, you would have to employ rows of secretaries—just to deal with the stacks of letters from your admirers. This is what they call in America your "fan mail."

But please don't think that it's only film stars that have a "fan mail." You should just see the stacks of letters from which we've taken the following:—

"Gentlemen,—Being a great believer in and a regular user of your 'Milton,' I was very interested to read some days ago that you were making a Dental Cream.

"I at once purchased a tube, and must really say I was astounded and delighted to see the difference in my teeth after only one cleansing.

"Being a heavy smoker my teeth were very stained, but I must say the great difference in them now is truly amazing, and I must congratulate you on producing—at long last—a toothpaste that really *does* clean teeth.

"Very thankfully yours,
"(Signed) R. S. W."

Don't you think, when so many people are writing us letters like that, that you ought to try Milton Toothpaste yourself? Why, the very flavour alone will make you a Milton Toothpaste fan! (By the way, there's not a drop of Milton in this paste—for reasons explained on the package.) And when you see how it really *cleans* your teeth—whitening them till they shine as they never have before—well, you'll understand people's enthusiasm.

Milton Toothpaste—for its flavour, for the fresh feeling it leaves in your mouth, for the way it polishes and preserves your teeth without harming them—is the finest toothpaste ever made. Yes, definitely. And, believe it or not, it costs only sixpence, or a larger tube for a shilling.

"JOHN BULL" Readers' Stories~67~

SAVED!—

CHRISTMAS! Nothing could have been less like it to anyone accustomed to the Yuletide season in England. I am speaking of a Christmas on the Barcoo Plain, in the very centre of Queensland.

I shaded my eyes from the intense glare of the sun blazing down upon us and gazed north, south, east and west. In each direction the view was similar; as far as the eye could see there was nothing to break the awful monotony.

All was a burnt-up waste.

The country was fertile enough in normal times. The trite saying that in England it was "two sheep to the acre" and in Australia "two acres to the sheep" barely applied here, for the country through which we had recently passed was magnificent pasture land, but——

There had been no rain for nearly two years.

What grass there was left was burnt up and withered; the ground was baked and cracked with the heat. Far away a clump of "gums" might be seen, like those under which we were endeavouring to rest. Beyond that there was nothing, nothing but the pitiless sun beating down upon us. There was no escape from it—no shade, no shelter.

I looked at the "pal" lying there, I looked at the girl fast asleep, I looked at our trusty friend, old Ned, our horse, asleep as he stood, and, limp, weary and well-nigh hopeless, I sank to the hot earth and slept, too.

* * *

I AM writing of 1888. The great drought had brought ruin to all the big "sheep runs," and perhaps the interior of Queensland, where we were, had suffered more than anywhere else.

Unless one has experienced it, it is difficult to picture the devastating effects of a great drought. The river-beds run dry; the reservoirs empty; the tanks are emptied to the dregs.

There is no fodder for the cattle; no pasture for the sheep, and no water for man or beast.

The cattle die in hundreds, the sheep in their thousands! All is despair, desolation and decay.

* * *

We—the girl, the pal and I—were half of a little concert party travelling through the back-blocks. At Roma, a railway terminus at that time, the other three had left us and returned to Brisbane. We three had decided to go on and explore.

In a few days the railway would be opened to Charleville. It would be a great event. People would flock there from miles around, and we should, with ordinary luck, do good business, if——

If we could get there!

How were we to manage it? It was about 130 miles to Charleville, and there seemed to be only one way possible of reaching the place. We must "square" the railway contractor.

What an asset a pretty girl is on an occasion like this!

The next day we mounted the "ballast train," that would travel along, stopping here and there to pick up gear, tools, rails, sleepers, lumber, generally clearing the line for the "Opening" next day.

We sat together on an open truck, our bits of baggage around us, and we baked in the sun, while the little "puffing Billy" of an engine—burning wood, of course—covered us with soot and smoke and smuts until we resembled sweeps!

Two days the trip took us, and, journey's end reached at last, we felt that all would be well at Charleville which, crowded and *en fête*, was in need of amusement. We supplied this requirement.

"I woke with a start. It was old Ned's neighing that roused me"

The pal was a tip-top violinist; I presided at the piano and also sang; the girl could sing and she could dance and play the mandoline. She was pretty and wore very pretty clothes. In that class of community an irresistible combination!

We "made good" and raked in quite a small "parcel" of money; and, when finished at Charleville, we decided to explore still further.

With the help of friends we had made in the town, we mapped out the route across country to Barcaldine, the terminus of the railway from Rockhampton, a jaunt—the way we were going—of 250 miles!

Barcaldine should prove another little "gold mine" to us. The drought there was at an end, for they had "struck" water.

The Government had contracted to have "bores" sunk for water at three different places. Blackall was one; Barcaldine was another, and there, at a depth of, I think, 600 ft., water had been reached. An inexhaustible supply it seemed, and the country around had been saved.

AT Blackall they were down over 700 ft., and still there was no water, and the country was perished for lack of it.

We started off from Charleville in a buggy with old Ned in the shafts. We were only light-weights, and a couple of grips and our instruments—*not* the piano—made up the load.

All went well at first. We played at one or two "stations" at Augathella and The Neive and Tambo while on the journey, and were on our way to Blackall.

That night we camped on the banks of the Warrego, or where the Warrego had been. The river had run dry; not even a trickle of water was there, though we were able to fill our water-bags at a pool. Then disaster overtook us.

Ned was gamely struggling to pull the buggy up the steep bank of the river when the earth cracked, and there was a landslide! Horse and buggy rolled over to the bottom of the bed of the river.

Ned got up and shook himself; he was all right, but the buggy—firewood and scrap-iron!

WE camped, and around our fire held a "council of war"—a "committee of ways and means." Should we turn back the way we had come, or should we struggle on to Blackall, which was, as near as we could tell from the route we had had marked out for us, about fifty miles away?

The girl decided for us. We would go on. "If you had been by yourselves," she said, "you would have gone on. Well, then, you shan't go back for me. If you can stick it, I can!"

Ned was a big, strong animal; the girl and our traps would be a light load for him. We could carry the instruments, but we scrapped one of the grips, putting all the necessary things in the other.

The girl said she didn't mind so long as *she* packed it! A dear thing she was. I thought so, and so did the pal.

And so we travelled along together across the plains to the spot where my story began.

Our progress had been slow and was getting slower. Two and a half miles an hour was all we could do in that heat, and, in some places, the going was very, very heavy.

Long stretches of sand we encountered, in which we sank at every step, and now and then a dust-storm that nearly blinded us. We reckoned we had

by a Yuletide Miracle

The arid Barcoo Plain

done thirty miles in the past two days. We had still another thirty to do!

There was no sign of Blackall. We weren't sure of where we were! We were just about at the end of our tether, for, bar a meagre cupful, we had no water.

The girl had charge of the precious water-bag, and by some mischance the cork had worked loose and nearly all the liquid had been lost! Luckily, *she* didn't know We said we had had ours. She was saving hers until she woke up!

And there, on the burnt plains of the Barcoo, the girl, the pal and I, with old Ned standing like a sentinel, slept on and on, until . . .

* * *

LET us move to Blackall, the haven the three weary and worn strolling players are striving to reach, and see what is happening there.

Blackall was much the same as any other township "way back." A string of one-storied wood and iron buildings; a wide, unmade road, with a few more scattered buildings the other side—that was about all.

There had been some idea of making a square in the centre of the "town" in the original scheme of things, and, in front of the principal building, which, of course, was the "Hotel," there was an open space.

At one corner opposite there stood a little wooden church, and at the other corner a big iron chapel.

The ground sloped down from the hotel, and, at the other side of the partly formed square, there was a dry creek. It had been dry for nearly two years!

In the centre of the square was the "Bore," the hope of Blackall, the possible saviour of the squatter and the country. Indeed, everybody's interest centred in the bore.

The great derrick stood there alone, towering over everything, and all day long the men worked, the endless wire rope ran up and down, and the buckets were raised and lowered, but still no water came.

BLACKALL was disappointed and disgruntled. Its neighbours at Barcaldine, only seventy miles away, had struck water. Why couldn't they?

Their bore was already down 100 ft. more than the Barcaldine bore. Besides, Barcaldine had the railway; they didn't want the water half so badly as did Blackall. It was all wrong!

It would be Christmas in a day or two, and the people of Blackall had made up their minds they would have "struck it" by Christmas, when they intended to let themselves go and have a really good time.

All the "hands" would be in from the stations round about, and probably the squatters and their families, too. All would want to see the "Bore." Blackall, for a time at least, would be the hub of things!

But the "Bore" hadn't "struck it," and their plans were upset. Blackall's bad luck, they said! And so the Blackallites loafed about and smoked, and drank their whisky neat, to save the water they hadn't got.

They sat on the steps of the hotel veranda and stared at the great derrick rising there. They watched the buckets empty out the earth and go down again to bring up more from 700 ft. below. And they cursed both loud and long.

It was Christmas-time. What a Christmas!

What the hard-hit community felt most was its helplessness. It could do nothing—nothing but watch and wait.

With the very best of intentions, and a great deal of misgiving, the little preacher from the iron chapel ventured up the two steps of the hotel veranda, a thing he had never done before, and approached the big parson from the little wooden church who was standing there in his shirt-sleeves.

Timidly the little man suggested they might unite their congregations and so, joined together that Christmas season, pray for rain.

The big parson looked at him kindly and smiled. Then he took the other by the arm. "Come," he said, "and have a look." He led the way out into the square, gazed up at the sky all around, and then sighed and shook his head.

"No, I won't pray for rain," he said very quietly.

THE small preacher looked up. "Oh, won't you really?" he murmured.

The big man laid a hand on each of the little preacher's shoulders, and went on: "No, with a sky like that, and the barometer 'set fair' and 'very dry,' I won't pray for rain.

"The Almighty's plans for our succour seem to run in another direction, and as we are told He helps those who help themselves, I am going to organise a night-shift, so that those buckets shall never stop.

"They shall be emptied and filled all through the night, and we'll strike water all the sooner."

The little preacher looked up, all smiles. He clapped his hands like a kid—he was little more than a boy—and almost shouted, "I'll help! I shan't be much good with a pick-axe or a spade, but I can empty buckets!"

* * *

I woke with a start. "What the deuce was that?" It was old Ned's neighing that roused me. I got to my feet, feeling very groggy still, though I'd had a long sleep. It was evening and the sun was just setting.

Ned neighed again, and trotted off as if going to meet somebody.

I followed him and then saw two men coming along; one riding, the other driving a light cart. But for Ned's neighing they would have probably passed by without seeing us. The man riding turned and rode towards me.

"What are you doing here, Gerald?" he called.

It was young Clinch. We had stayed a night at his father's station on our way and had given a "show" in the shearing-shed. I explained the situation to him, and he proffered help for our little party.

Then the cart drove up and we woke the girl and the pal. What a surprise! A drink all round of cold water from the water-bag carried under the cart—old Ned wasn't forgotten—and then a nip of something stronger made us feel terribly bucked with ourselves!

We had thought it about fifty miles to Blackall, but Clinch informed us it was only about fifteen miles!

"We'll be there in about a couple of hours," he said. "If you feel up to it, we'll start right away."

We made the journey comfortably enough, and, on the way, learned that the next day would be Sunday and Christmas Eve—facts over which we had become rather hazy.

Young Clinch's introduction made us welcome at the hotel, though our "professional advent" had been made known by our circulars and bills. All we wanted was supper and bed. Having got to bed, we slept the clock round.

Evening came again, and, thoroughly rested, the pal and I chatted with the "locals" on the veranda about the show we would give them on Boxing Night, while the girl was explaining to the landlady and the latter's daughter that she had "nothing to wear," and so on.

IT was a very quiet Christmas Eve. The derrick standing there in front of us, grim and silent, seemed to awe and depress everyone.

The little church and the big chapel discharged their meagre congregations, who stood about in twos and threes, chatting and glancing up at the overshadowing derrick.

The parson and the preacher came towards the hotel talking quietly and earnestly about the night-shift they were going to start and then—*it happened*!

There was a rumble in the earth, and for a moment everything seemed unsteady; a man lost his balance, the glasses on our table jingled, and the girl upset her tea. I was staring at the derrick and saw it quiver and shake. . . .

Louder and louder grew the rumble. We started to our feet. "What was it?" A half-scream came from the girl. Then an explosion shook the earth and rent the air, and we saw the derrick lifted completely and shattered to a thousand pieces!

With a roar the water spouted from the bore and, like a geyser, rose 50 ft. into the air. For a moment we stood and watched in wonder and amazement. Then we cheered and cheered!

The scattered congregations came running back; all Blackall emptied itself into the square and cheered again and again. Above it all rose the voice of the big parson: "*Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow. . . .*"

THE old hymn rose up from that motley gathering with a fuller meaning than it had usually, perhaps. Only the words of the first verse seemed familiar, and so they sang it over and over again!

Then all was hurry and bustle. The engineers set to work to "harness" and preserve the water. A gang started to build a dam across the dry creek. The parson and the preacher and their night-shift were soon busy digging out a big hollow to which they ran a trench, and then filled it with water.

Men rode off across the plains to spread the good news to all the stations about. Round the big hollow somebody fixed sheets of corrugated iron on which a notice was pasted:

BLACKALL BATHS.
Bathing Hours.

Gents., 6 *a.m. to* 8 *a.m.*; 10 *p.m. to midnight. Ladies*, 8 *a.m. to* 10 *a.m.*; 8 *p.m. to* 10 *p.m.*

Then, the clock in the little church struck twelve, and it was—Christmas!

How a stitch in time was instrumental in saving three lives is the theme of next week's reader's story

CONSTANT COLD IN THE HEAD *Spells* DANGER

Stop it now!

It's the forerunner of catarrh, deafness, loss of voice, auto-intoxication—and worse.

Get rid of it at once—with POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES. They instantly clear away the catarrh and phlegm, and ease breathing wonderfully.

A powerful antiseptic (vital when travelling in trains, trams, 'buses, tubes). A positive barrier to influenza.

S. P., Dudley, Worc.:
"I was suffering from almost complete loss of voice. I could hardly speak for eighteen months.
Your Pastilles not only restored my voice, but smell also."

INSTANT RELIEF for NASAL CATARRH, THROAT COUGH, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, HAY FEVER, ETC.

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POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

IF you *remember*

the joys of your own childhood, particularly at Christmastide . . . will you enable some less fortunate little one to enjoy a happy home life, by helping

The N.S.P.C.C.

The prevention of unnecessary suffering among defenceless little children is a work towards which all sympathetic hearts should open at this time of Goodwill to others.

Kindly send a Christmas donation now to Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Hon. Treas., or William J. Elliott, Director, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2 (Chairman: The Viscount Ullswater, G.C.B.).

GOODWILL—the Magic Key to Three Home Problems

A Christmas reunion—"this is the time for healing wounds and bridging estrangements"

HUMAN DOCUMENTS
probed by
PHILIP INMAN

who is JOHN BULL'S "Humanist," and who exists to help you solve the problem which is causing you anxiety. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

THERE is much sound advice in the proverb: "Seize time by the forelock." I am going to do so this week. I could write about all sorts of problems. I could recount difficulties in which money, health or employment play an important part.

But these are all practical questions, and this is the time of year when sentiment holds sway.

Mothers are thinking of sons who have wandered away from the old home. Husbands and wives who have quarrelled, and perhaps parted, remember the days when they were happy together.

Old friends, who have become estranged because of paltry misunderstandings, long for the old relationship to be restored. Even "Old Scrooge," immortalised by Dickens, softened under the benign influence of Christmas.

During this season of peace and goodwill, a truce can be called to the bickerings and quarrellings that have persisted through the year.

"Humanist" therefore is seizing time by the forelock. He is claiming Christmas as his ally. He believes that the spirit prevailing everywhere will assist in healing wounds, bridging estrangements and renewing friendships. And heaven knows there are thousands of folk just yearning for something like that to happen to them.

Mother's heartache

Here is a letter from a mother who lives in Stockport. She tells me that her husband died during the War, and now, at sixty-five, she is suffering from a great heartache—a heartache that no one has been able to heal. She has advertised in the newspapers; she has appealed to the B.B.C.; but all in vain!

This woman has had four children, and she sees three of them from time to time, as they all live within easy reach of her home. But the fourth—her "baby," as she calls him, although he is now a man of thirty-three—she has neither seen nor heard of for nearly eight years.

"I am growing old," says this mother, "and although my other children are good to me, I would give all I possess for a sight of my youngest boy. You see, he was very delicate when he was young and I had a job to rear him. That, I suppose, is why he is so precious to me.

"The other day, as I was wondering what I could do, I suddenly thought of writing to you. He used to read JOHN BULL, and if you could only print my letter he might see it and come back to me."

I have two great hopes, assuming that this lost son is alive. One is that he will read these words; the other that, if he does, he will give his mother the happiest Christmas she has ever had.

Imagine the gladness in that home in Stockport if only that son should return!

Let me remind him that his lot is happier than that of many other folk. There are untold numbers who would give almost everything they possess if only they had a mother to go back to. I confess that I am one of them. I would gladly walk all the way to Yorkshire if only that loved one could be there to greet me.

Remember them!

And this young man is fortunate in another way. His mother, for all I know, is moderately well and healthy.

In my hospital life I have sometimes to arrange for an SOS to be broadcast on the wireless.

A patient, dangerously ill, pleads for the sight of a loved one whose whereabouts is unknown. Often there is a response to that message. Sometimes, alas! it is too late.

There would be fewer SOS broadcasts in 1934 if every reader of this paper kept in touch with their homes and their loved ones.

At least let me make this request. Don't let Christmas pass without writing to the old folk.

And this festival of reconciliation might help to bring about a solution of my next problem. A woman writes to me:

"Some years ago one of my sisters became attached to a man who had some means but who was subject to fits. She well knew the consequences of marrying him, for, in addition to his affliction, none of us at home ever liked him.

"This particular sister was a great pal of mother's, and she was thought much of at home. To our horror she went out one day, presumably for a walk, and when she had gone we found a note saying that she had left for good. Two days later she was married to this man. The shock nearly killed mother, and I wrote and told my sister and her husband what I thought of them.

"Now, after all these years, letters have passed between her and another sister. She is apparently happy and in decent circumstances, but she would very much like to be on the same footing as she used to be with us all at home.

"Isn't it much better to let matters stay as they are? We haven't told mother, as I am sure it would upset her too much, and besides, we feel we can't come into contact again with a man who acted in such an abominable way. I think that, for all our sakes, it would be better for them to remain away. Don't you?"

No, quite frankly, I don't. What earthly good can come from allowing a family estrangement to continue?

My correspondent's sister is anxious to "make it up." It is more than probable that her mother would like to do so, too. I can imagine that this old lady sometimes secretly sighs for the days when the family were united.

I think, therefore, that my correspondent should tell her mother of the advances made by her sister. If she would like the breach to be healed, then her wishes should be respected. After all, she is growing old, and it would be a pity after she has gone to have any regrets.

"But we don't like the man," I am told. "We simply can't stand him." I rather gather that they know very little about him, and, in any case, their knowledge is completely out of date. They admit that they have not seen him for many years. He may be quite different from what he was.

Begins at home

And there must be something good about him, for he has apparently made his wife happy. Certainly this family, by not consenting to see him again, are not giving him a sporting chance of revealing to them the good qualities he must possess.

There are those who have in their hearts good will towards all sorts of people—except their own kith and kin. But the Christmas spirit, like charity, should "begin at home."

My third problem is a very human one. A woman writes to tell me that she will not be sorry to see the end of 1933. "It has not been a particularly happy year for us," she says. And she goes on to tell me some of the troubles she and her family have had to face.

One bitter experience is that she and her husband have fallen out with their neighbours, with whom they had been great friends for a good many years. It happened in this way:

"The man next door fell out of work, and from that time his wife started borrowing from us. One day I flew into a temper and said that I was sick and tired of this endless borrowing and that it could not go on. From that day we have not spoken to each other. I often feel that I ought not to have been so hasty. You see, they have three children and the husband is not entitled to any 'dole.'

"My man, I am glad to say, is in decent employment, and, though his wage is not high, we are able to live comfortably. I would like to make up the quarrel, but don't quite know how to go to work. I wonder if you would act as peacemaker and write to them on my behalf? It would be nice to be on the old terms again."

Healing-time

Now, whilst I am always ready to help any of my readers, I think my correspondent's suggestion that I should write to this neighbour is unwise. This woman would know I had been told about the quarrel and she might resent other people being dragged into it.

I think the way to tackle this problem is for my correspondent to write a little note to her neighbour and say quite frankly that she is sorry for having lost her temper. She could add that for a long time she has desired to be friends again, and that she doesn't want Christmas to go by without making an effort to heal the breach.

She might also say that, for the sake of the happy days before the quarrel, she hopes that her neighbour will forgive and forget.

She could explain that she took the attitude she did over the borrowing because her duty was to her own husband and home first. That would be a tactful hint that she did not expect the request for loans to begin again.

After all, while it takes two to make a quarrel, harmony can often be restored when one side has the courage to eat their pride.

Christmas is essentially a time for wiping out old scores and healing old wounds. When that is done it can indeed be the greatest festival of the year.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

KNOCK at GLORIA'S DOOR!

HOW is life treating nine-year-old Gloria during these closing days of 1933?

She has recently recovered from a septic throat, but her own health does not worry her so much as the fact that her ten-year-old brother has been in bed for about two months suffering from acute rheumatism. The doctor says that he has just escaped rheumatic fever.

Had his father had the means to keep him properly shod, the boy would have been spared this severe pain, which has reduced him to a shadow.

Gloria

Gloria's mother cannot work, for she has lost one eye, and the sight of the other is so bad that three times lately she has been knocked down by traffic, and her nerves are in a sad way. She has also had an attack of gastritis.

Her ex-Service husband has been laid up with influenza and severe chill brought on by waiting about in the cold looking for employment.

As his 27s. 3d. a week unemployment benefit is his sole means, and his rent amounts to 21s. 6d. a week, the arrears have mounted up and he fears being evicted.

He is hoping for a few days' work as an auxiliary postman.

This brings us to the needs of our fund in general.

The postman brings us floods of appeals for help, and what we need to balance this is a large post full of donations, which will send the postman knocking at the doors of many poor families and bring a shout of joy from the kiddies on Christmas morning. Donations earmarked "Gloria," as well as those for the fund generally, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's list will be sent on application.

for festive occasions

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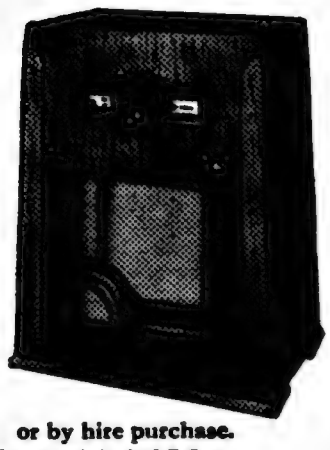

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London, N.10.

BRONCHITIS
"My wife has been using it for our twin daughters, who have derived great benefits."
T. C. (Middlesex).
Of all the thousands of people who have cause to thank "Thermogene" for its remarkable powers of relieving pain, none praise it more earnestly than Mothers. As soon as a cold shows the first sign of attack, get the child to bed, but, even when it seems well again, watch it carefully. If, when it has been running or playing, it coughs ever so little, be on your guard. The remains of the cold are still hanging about in its chest, and throat, and the slightest chill will mean a fresh and much more serious outbreak. But if a mother will only act in time, if she will train herself to notice the first faint signs of congestion, if she will promptly apply a sheet of "Thermogene" to the little sufferer's chest and back—she may save herself weeks of anxiety. "Thermogene" is not a sudden or violent method of treatment. It works in a very gentle way, but the good it does goes on day and night, never ceasing. "Thermogene" gently stimulates the circulation of healing blood through all the tissues and vessels of the child's chest. The congestion is gradually dispersed away, the child's breathing becomes easy, and the cough disappears. Can you wonder that countless mothers keep a packet of "Thermogene" brand of Medicated Wadding always in the house? 1/3, or triple quantity 3/- (in Great Britain and Northern Ireland) from chemists everywhere.

A FEAST of the Hundred Thousand

A CHRISTMAS party for 100,000 people! And for 100,000 people who hardly know what parties are, who would have no hope of arranging one for themselves or their children.

That is one of the magnificent things that the Salvation Army has just finished organising. The vast list of guests, of course, are not going to assemble in one place. Nor are they going to be chosen from any particular area. They will, in fact, be entertained at scores of simultaneous parties and they will have such human, friendly jollifications as probably they have never had before.

The idea was born in the mind of Charles Jeffries. Possibly you have never heard of him, but they knew all about him in Whitechapel half a century ago, and some of the older East Enders can still recall some of his exploits.

He was a thug, a bruiser, a pretty tough proposition—nifty with a knuckle-duster or a broken bottle. That was in the days when Salvationists went in danger of their lives in Whitechapel.

Charles Jeffries organised an opposition "army," whose mission was to smash up the meetings of the Salvationists, crack their heads, and, if possible, break their spirit. He led raid after raid on wild and riotous nights.

"Terror" transformed

Then something strange happened. The word flew round Whitechapel that Charles Jeffries had "ratted." It seemed incredible, but it was true. Instead of smashing meetings he helped to lead them.

And that was the end of "The Terror," for not even Whitechapel could produce anybody else to challenge the redoubtable Charles. Instead, his toughs and his hooligans followed him; it was one of the greatest victories the Army has ever had.

The idea of his gigantic Christmas party came to him a few weeks ago, when he was pondering over what he should do in his capacity of British Commissioner directly responsible for the Army's work in this country.

Last summer he organised the "Musical Miriams." They were thirty bonny lasses—fine speakers and wonderful tambourine experts. They travelled over a thousand miles rattling their tambourines and giving people a message of hope and encouragement.

While they were doing that a corps of "Musical Troopers" marched over other parts of the country—young men who walked many miles to hamlets and villages holding wayside meetings, and often playing to and addressing little audiences of not more than a dozen.

Not content with that, Charles Jeffries fixed up a fleet of caravans which took other routes and pulled up here and there for impromptu meetings. And while all this was going on there were beach meetings around the coast. Some of them "pulled" audiences of as many as 8,000.

Charles, as you will see, is a man of energy and ideas.

He is running his Christmas party on the same broad, ambitious lines. His orders have gone out to every "Army Corps" in what is known as the British Territory—the Home Front of the Salvation Army.

Those orders are that the poor and the friendless are to be gathered in, made welcome. It is not to be a general sort of broadcast invitation of the "When-you're-passing-call-in" type. Too many people salve their consciences in that way.

The personal touch

No. Corps officers are to search out the little humble homes and make a personal invitation to their inhabitants. In the big towns they will ask them along to the Army halls and there will be spread a traditional Christmas dinner.

But the towns which have halls are not going to have it their own way, and that is just where the difference comes between this year's party and the many which have preceded it. The villages and the hamlets are going to share in it—the men, women and children that live in the tumble-down cottages in half-forgotten country lanes.

The word has already gone round to those out-of-the-way, scattered spots, and Charles Jeffries' N.C.O.s and rank-and-filers have already dropped in with their invitations.

In these cases there is no question of a great "spread" in a spacious hall, with a band playing and the local mayor delivering a speech. The village Salvationists have been asked to entertain "two or three poor, friendless folk" in their own homes, and that is what they are going to do.

"Pudding and Piety," say the scoffers. But why not?

Millions are yearning for pudding, and when they have got that they may be ready for piety.

That is the human, understanding plan on which this vast Christmas party is being organised. General Higgins has guaranteed that £10,000 shall be available for these 100,000 guests.

A great push

To use the words of the Army, "the message of salvation will be added to the feast." You notice that word "added." Charles Jeffries, the one-time terror of Whitechapel, knows too much about human nature to tell his subordinates to offer the message of salvation at Christmastide to a man or a woman or a child with an empty stomach.

Admittedly this Christmas party is only part of a wider plan for a sweeping attack of religious revivalism on the little cottage groups of the countryside.

The Army is tightening up its rural organisation. There have been recent conferences attended by 3,000 local officers. New "Regions" have been mapped out, and men and women have been appointed to take charge of tracts of country with a minimum of three miles radius and a maximum of five miles from a given point. "Societies" and "Outposts" are being established.

There is to be a Great Push. All that, of course, is the Salvation Army's business and not ours.

But we like the thought of the greatest party that has ever been organised, and of the fact that 100,000 "poor and friendless" are going to have a good meal, human fellowship and relief from the black and awful loneliness which they have suffered so long.

A Merry Christmas to them. And to Charles Jeffries.

Charles Jeffries—nifty with a knuckle-duster was he — now holds out a great glad hand

Race with "Silver Ring"

Good for '34!

THE entry for the Lincolnshire is bigger and stronger than last year. A good omen for 1934.

I am not going to hazard a selection yet awhile, although I have no doubt that venturesome spirits will be taking the long odds already on offer that they do not find the first big double in the coming campaign.

It will be interesting to note the burdens given the "class" entries; Gino and Versicle, two of Mr. J. B. Joel's trio—Alluvial and Snooker—and Ole King Sole.

At this period last year I put up Kellsboro' Jack for the Grand National, only to switch off the Wroughton 'chaser when he failed in two or three "Park" races.

This year I am trying my luck with Kilcash Hill, and if the Irish-bred jumper keeps well, I shall stick to this one.

Selections for the Christmas Holiday meetings will be given in the Code.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, December 21, to Wednesday, December 27.

Z R 98 T F 94 M P U X O A Q C 93 B
L W N 96 G E D V Y 97 S K H J I 95

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: FWKAZ94 would read GRAKLE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. O93W96WS2VO would read SIR TROOPS.

THE CHRISTMAS VISITANT

CHRISTMAS is a time of giving—and surprises—but not all are pleasant surprises. . . .

In a suburb on the Essex side of London the Christmas excitement was at its peak. Lights were extinguished for the night on fir trees already decorated for the great day, and in one house a shadow moved across a darkened room.

Santa Claus, perhaps. . . .

There was the stir of a door-knob as he moved from room to room, the creak of a stair, sometimes the flash of bright metal. Quickly and smoothly he moved about, only to disappear as noiselessly as he had come.

Then the surprise of discovery.

The householder, turning up the lights, found not gifts, or messages of good cheer. He found, instead, that valuables he could ill-afford to lose, treasured through many years, had disappeared.

The visitant of the night had been nothing more nor less than a highly skilful burglar. A tragic 1932 Christmas story—but with a happy ending.

Because that householder was a reader of JOHN BULL and had filled up, at no cost to himself, a coupon such as you will find to-day on page 34, he received a cheque which gave him a different sort of surprise, as he showed when, in acknowledging it, he wrote to us:

"Ours has been a sorry house this Christmas and I hope this cheque marks the turning-point of our luck."

You may have just such a surprise some time, if you turn to that coupon. The result may one day turn this copy of JOHN BULL into the finest Christmas present you ever had in your life.

£20 MUST BE WON FITTING PHRASES NO ENTRANCE FEE

On this page are reproduced seven advertisements and a series of descriptive phrases. Which phrase do you consider best applies to each advertisement? A prize of £20 will be awarded to the reader who on either form submits the correct or nearest correct placing of the seven phrases in the most appropriate manner as decided by the Advertisement Director of "John Bull." In the event of a tie the prize of £20 will be equally divided. The prize of £20 must be won. THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE—all that you have to do is to study carefully the advertisements and the phrases on this page. Each advertisement has a LETTER in the top left-hand corner and each of the phrases is NUMBERED. On the Entry Form below indicate in INK the way in which the seven phrases in your opinion apply most aptly to each of the seven advertisements by writing PHRASE NUMBERS in the blank spaces underneath the LETTERS on Coupon. No phrase may be used more than once. No correspondence will be entered into. Send your entries in an envelope sealed (1½d. stamp).

CLOSING DATE:
Sat., Jan. 6th, 1934.
The name of the winner or winners will be announced in "John Bull" issue published Thursday, Jan. 25.

FIT THESE PHRASES

1. You may pay more—you won't do better.
2. They all come back for more.
3. You can't do better than try it.
4. Strengthens—nourishes—sustains.
5. Goes further—lasts longer.
6. To be so popular it must be good.
7. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:
Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

A

For Glorious Health
drink delicious
'OVALTINE'

'Ovaltine' sells on merit alone. No gifts or coupons —just 100 per cent. Quality and Value.

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3.

B

Even the artfullest dodgers

don't dodge their dinners when there's Oxo stew or gravy going, children love its tasty beef goodness. So economical, how they thrive on it! With Oxo they're getting beef at its best—

Give them plenty of— OXO

C

An APPLE a day for HEALTH

Beneath their skins are vitamins

D

KOLYNOS IS THE SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM—
Whiteness without Abrasion.

Kolynos Dental Cream is a scientific product which performs to perfection every service in the toilet of the teeth and mouth.
It contains absolutely no gritty abrasive and is entirely free from harmful bleaching action. Being highly concentrated, Kolynos is extremely economical—half-an-inch is enough. Kolynos is BEST used on a DRY toothbrush.

NOW 1/- per tube. Large size 1/9.
KOLYNOS MADE IN ENGLAND
The Antiseptic Dental Cream. REGD.

E

Full of the Wealth of Health
SHREDDED WHEAT

A Shredded Wheat breakfast every day supplies you with Nature's best type of nourishment. It is pure whole wheat and nothing else, delicious, appetising and full of the vital sustenance that brings health, strength and vitality. Ready to serve with milk, fruit, butter or cheese.

100 % FOOD

F

YOURS FOR BRIGHTER BREAKFASTS
BERMALINE BREAD
EASIEST TO DIGEST

G

We've all a greed for O.K. Sauce
6d. per bottle
family size 9d. (nearly double)

2 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

(Section 2) Write clearly in Ink.

Coupons for Section 2

Other £20 Contests on pages 16, 27 and 29.

2 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

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SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

(Section 2) Write clearly in Ink.

CATARRH
HEAD NOISES AND CATARRHAL DEAFNESS ENDED FOR EVER
I WILL TELL YOU HOW FREE

Yes, they *can* be banished—quickly—and permanently. I *know*, for besides succeeding in my own case, I have succeeded in thousands of others since making my great discovery.

Just imagine! The joy of being completely well again! No more choking, snilling, sneezing, and nose-blowing. No more dizziness, sickness, or headaches. No more buzzing, ringing ear noises or hardness of hearing. No more continuous coughs and colds.

If you will only follow my simple directions you will clear Catarrh right out of your system—head, digestive and respiratory tracts, and intestines. No breeding-place for catarrh germs will be left to start the infection all over again. That is the basis of my method, for

Catarrh runs through the system—eliminate it completely

Do not think "it can't be true." It *is* true, and I want to prove it to you without a penny outlay. No matter what sprays, gargles, atomisers, snuffs, medicines, etc., you have tried.

Local treatment often relieves, but the trouble soon returns—by spreading upwards from below. My method is entirely different. It not only banishes catarrh from the head, throat, air and digestive passages, but from the colon as well—where catarrhal infection originates.

No longer need you keep paying out for temporary relief. No longer need you dread asthma, bronchitis, and the weakness that follows oxygen-shortage through obstructed air tubes.

Do not neglect your Catarrh under the impression that it will go when warmer weather arrives. Remember that so long as you are suffering from this complaint you are far less likely to resist attacks of Influenza—now so prevalent.

Catarrh is dangerous, debilitating. It has ruined thousands of lives. Do not let it ruin yours. You can be free and keep free if you take my advice, which is yours for the asking. Just tear out this announcement, write clearly in block letters your name and full address on its margin, and post to-day. You will soon be looking back upon your present sufferings as a nightmare. Write now—there is nothing to pay—nothing to promise. You need not even enclose 1½d. stamp for reply unless you wish to do so.

ALLAN COOPER
33, STRAND, LONDON W.C.2
John Bull, 16.12.33

INDIGESTION CAN BE CURED.

Here's wonderul news for people who have suffered the miseries of indigestion. No matter how long you have suffered or how bad the symptoms, you can be cured.

All over the country doctors and hospitals are curing the most stubborn cases of wind, heartburn, flatulence, acidity, and every form of indigestion with a formula so wonderful that it is actually avoiding operations for such serious dangers as gastric and duodenal ulcers.

You, too, can get the benefits of this discovery by asking your chemist for a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, but be careful about one thing. Be sure you get the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name and see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN" before you buy. It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

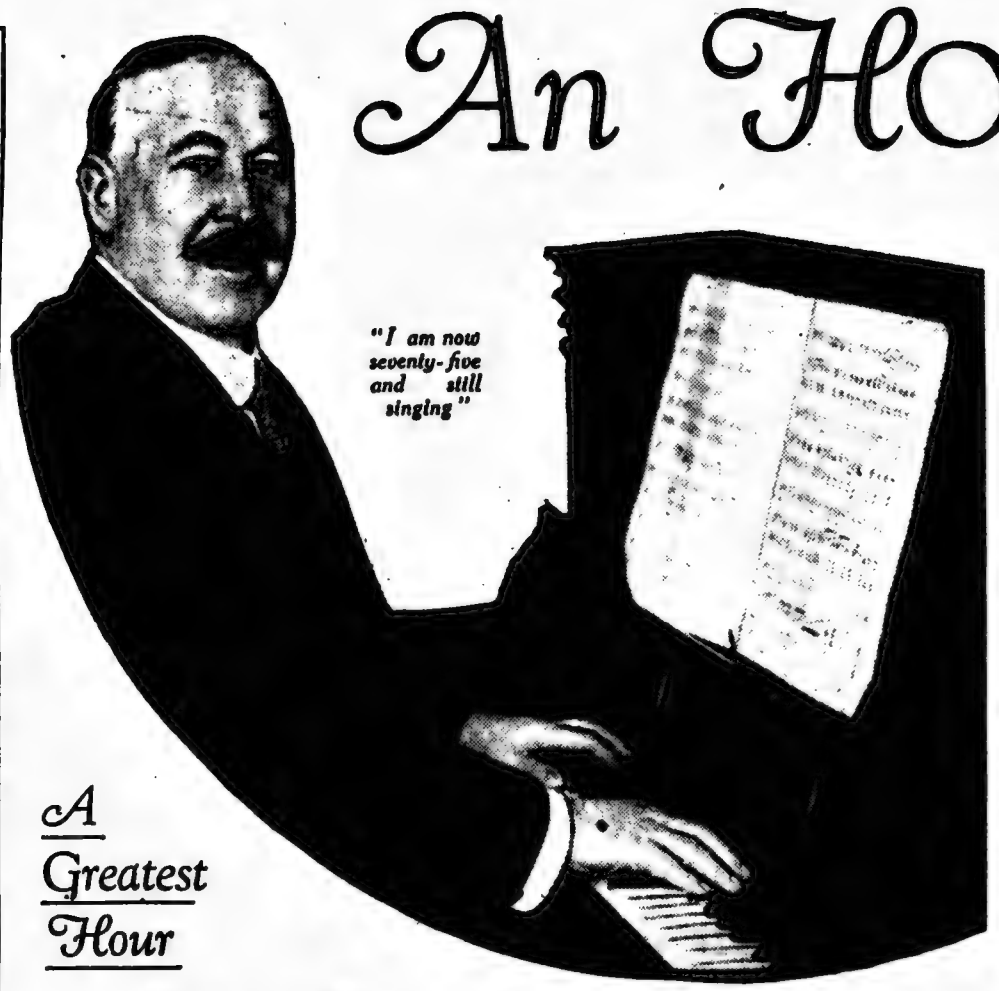
HARD LABOUR FOR LIFE

Woman's customary lot need not mean ugly, toil-worn hands. Use Glymiel Jelly. Just a touch rubbed in at night and every time you wash banishes cracks and chaps, redness and roughness. Makes hands smooth, supple and comfortable.

I have been amazed at what Glymiel Jelly has done for my hands. I am more than glad about it. I shall never be without it again. Mrs. G—— H——, Birmingham.

Try a tube of Glymiel Jelly from any Chemist to-day.

GLYMIEL JELLY. Tubes 3d. 6d. and 1/-

An HONOUR TO MAKE A SONG ABOUT

"I am now seventy-five and still singing"

A Greatest Hour

by **BEN DAVIES,** *the world-famous singer*

DOES it seem strange to you that a singer who has been appearing in public for fifty years, who has sung in most of the chief cities of Europe and America, and has known and sung with great artistes, some of them famous before this century began, should choose as his greatest hour one not spent on any stage or concert platform? But such is the case.

True, it was closely associated with my work—indeed, arose out of it.

It was when my fellow-artistes and friends of the musical world gave a banquet in London in my honour, on the evening of May 17, 1930, as a mark of their personal esteem and to celebrate my long association with music.

This is the only occasion, so far as I know, on which a singer has ever been fêted in this way by brother artistes. Jealousy is generally supposed to be rife among musicians, especially singers.

That one hundred and fifty of them should have gathered together to show their good will and affection for me seemed to me then, and still does seem, the greatest compliment I could possibly receive—the culmination of fifty years' work among them.

I was told only a few weeks before of their intention. Afterwards I learned that Mr. John H. Tillett, the concert agent, had been the first one to promote the idea and that he and two or three others had, in fact, been arranging it for some months.

I remember I was very excited that evening as I dressed for the occasion. It was entirely a men's affair, so my wife did not go with me.

I was really so bewildered with pleasure and gratification that I really cannot tell you much about the feast. My only recollection of the actual dinner is that I sat at the top table, that there seemed no end to the food, and that the wine set our tongues going, reviving old memories of times we had enjoyed together.

The chair had been taken by Sir Frederick Cowen. There was Sir A. C. Mackenzie, principal of the Royal Academy, where I had been trained fifty years ago.

Vividly it came back to me how I had left my home in Wales, a young man just over twenty, full of hope and ambition. I thought of my three years at the Academy. Yes, undoubtedly I had worked hard.

A little book

I also remembered how lucky I had been when I left and managed to get straight into the flourishing Carl Rosa Opera Company of those days.

Sir Landon Ronald, Robert Radford, Frank Mullings, Norman Allin, Walter Widdop, my old friends the late William Boosey, the music publisher, and John Tillett—all were there. Sir Edward Elgar, Sir George Henschel and Sir Hamilton Harty also associated themselves with the occasion.

I think my greatest treasure is a beautifully bound little book with my monogram on the cover, in which each one of my one hundred and fifty hosts signed his name.

They told me that their chief reason for wishing to pay me this compliment was that I had always helped my fellow-artistes so much. I cannot say if that is true, but I do know that I always tried to help them as much as I could.

I believe that people following the same profession should be friendly and co-operate. This much at least I can truthfully say, that never, in the whole of my career, have I ever had a quarrel or even a disagreement with anyone I have worked with.

During that greatest hour it was inevitable that I should recall some of my own triumphs as a singer. There was my debut in Germany, and in America. Great occasions both.

A thrill for me

I thought of my first appearance with the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall. Of how the people clapped, and the compliment Sir Joseph Barnby paid me afterwards. In those days to sing with the R.C.S. was a mark of having "arrived," and I must admit I felt rather pleased with my reception.

Another highlight I remembered was my first appearance at the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace. And again memory brought back the time when I was cast for "Ivanhoe" in the opera of that name.

I thought, too, of all the great singers I had known De Reszke, whom I met in New York; Melba, a life-long friend, at whose first concert in London I sang.

In those sixty minutes I was looking back over a long career—I am now seventy-five and still singing—in which life had been kind to me right from the beginning. I was appreciating to the full all the success I had had—all the opportunities—all the big moments.

Yet I realised as I sat there that all the applause in the world is not comparable to the affection of real friends.

To know that these disintinguished men about me had a personal regard for me gave me a greater thrill than any I had experienced before. The greatest in my life.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

SUNDAY SUN:—"When the fat has settled on the water, SWIM IT."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"Its main aim will be to help them to re-enter UNEMPLOYMENT."

BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO:—"A silk gown heavily embellished with gold BRAIN."

NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"Total (for seven WEEKS), 450. Innings declared."

TIMES OF INDIA:—"The work of painting the DOOMED entrance hall is now nearly completed."

LIVERPOOL POST AND MERCURY:—"Not genuinely seeking PEARS, and so not putting forward a practical policy of disarmament."

THE EAST FIFE OBSERVER:—"The conference resolved to make no change in the present date of the AUTUMN holiday; that is, the first Monday in April."

THE STOURPORT NEWS AND KIDDERMINSTER TIMES:—"—— was charged with breaking into and ENTERTAINING a house."

COLERAINE CHRONICLE:—"Mrs. —— pleaded for leniency for DECEASED."

EVENING WORLD:—"The Lowestoft fishing GOAT was sunk in the Channel off Boulogne."

NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"They lapsed into the SHIRT-passing game in front of a packed goal."

WESTERN MAIL AND SOUTH WALES NEWS:—"The little girls' dresses were Italian in style with tight-FIGHTING bodices."

ABERDEEN FOOTBALL EXPRESS:—"—— came within an ACRE of finding the net from a free kick."

BECONTREE AND DAGENHAM CITIZEN:—"Borrowers taking advantage of this service find knowledge and understanding with the MINIMUM of ease."

THE WESTERN GAZETTE:—"Two men were hurt and a motor-CYCLIST damaged practically beyond repair as the result of an accident."

ABERCARN AND RISCA WEEKLY ARGUS:—"Mr. —— was presented with a handsome oak CLOAK."

Your Income-Tax Problem

INCOME-TAX payers throughout the country are now receiving their demand notes for the first half of their income-tax due on January 1.

We would like to remind our readers that a JOHN BULL Income-Tax Enquiry Bureau exists to give advice upon their income-tax problems.

Address your query to:—

Income-Tax Enquiry Bureau,
"John Bull" Office,
93, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Please include a stamped, addressed envelope for a personal reply.

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6. To be so popular it must be good.
7. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:
Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

A

ORANGES put 'Flu to Flight

Get some to-day!

B

40 breakfasts for only 8½d.

Not just a cold cereal warmed with hot milk but Quaker Oats freshly cooked and served hot—that's what you need to keep out the cold, to put warmth and energy in.

QUAKER OATS
MADE IN CANADA

C

Think and drink Empire

OPHIR RICH

TAWNY OR WHITE FULL STRENGTH
3/6 PER BOTTLE
THE FINEST AUSTRALIAN PORT-TYPE WINES SHIPPED & GUARANTEED BY
Burgoyne's

D

The most nourishing FOOD you can DRINK!

A SCIENTIFICALLY balanced food-drink that is all nourishment to the last drop of the last cup, and the only food-drink offering free gifts. You'll like the flavour. You'll be amazed by the value.

FRY'S MALTED MILK COCOA WITH EGGS

7½D ¼lb NET WEIGHT

Send for Free Gift List to Dept. 8E.

J. S. FRY & SONS LTD., SOMERDALE, BRISTOL.

MM 206. 9.12.33

E

PROBLEM FACING Mrs. FRASER

Mr. Fraser is a vigorous man and insists on a man's soap.

Betty, at the age of sixteen, thinks her complexion more important than anything.

The twins are always sorry they left the soap in the water—afterwards.

And for young Anthony's delicate skin only a very gentle, antiseptic soap will do.

To find one soap to do so many jobs—what a problem! Buy Wright's Coal Tar Soap, Mrs. Fraser. Wright's is a hard, lasting yet lathery soap; a tonic to any skin, and is safely used by thousands of mothers for their babies.

WRIGHT'S coal tar SOAP

F

FIX YOUR HAIR once and for all day!

Be well groomed—apply a touch of Anzora in the morning—Then you'll be "all set" for the most active day.

ANZORA CREAM for every scalp. ANZORA VIOLA for dry scalps, in 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6 bottles. ANZORA BRILLIANTINE in 1/- bottles for ladies and for those whose hair and scalp are very dry.

ANZORA MASTERS THE HAIR

Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6

G

FLETTS V.G. SAUCE turns scraps into a course

It adds all the delights of Oriental fruits and spices to an otherwise insipid dish. Get Flett's V.G. Sauce from your grocer in time for the next cold meal and watch the transformation of the faces round the table.

Send 1½d. stamp for Children's Painting Competition Book to W. H. Flett, Ltd., Alvina Works, Everton Valley, Liverpool.

Splendid cash prizes. Entries by Feb. 1st.

3½D AND 6½D PER BOTTLE

3 FREE ENTRY FORM

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Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

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SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

(Section 3) Write clearly in Ink.

Coupons for Section 3

Other £20 Contests on pages 16, 25 and 29

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(Section 3) Write clearly in Ink.

Saying it with BRITISH Flowers

The home of 80,000 Christmas blooms—a scene at "Lily of the Valley Farm," near Woking, showing flowers being prepared for the Christmas market

THE popular slogan "Say it with flowers" might well be changed to "Say it with British flowers" this Christmas. Almost unnoticed in our midst has been growing up a great new industry.

At the present stage it is impossible to obtain exact figures, but the lowest estimate of the amount of home-grown flowers sold is £15,000,000 annually, and this is rapidly increasing. Two million pounds' worth of flowers are handled at Covent Garden alone.

All this means that cut flowers have ceased to be a luxury. To-day they form part of the ordinary lives of all classes. And at Christmas-time this is particularly so. Flowers have definitely established themselves as "suitable presents."

There is a romantic story behind the growth of this great home flower industry—a story in which enterprise and scientific endeavour play their part.

For many years (though there has been a larger number of flowers grown than was generally supposed) we were perfectly content to get our choice blooms, especially at this time of the year, from the Continent, and to accept as a fact the belief that certain flowers could not be grown in marketable quantities in this country

Since the war, however, flower culture has been taken up by many ex-Service men, and nurseries and greenhouses have sprung up all over the country.

IN addition, the old-established firms of nurserymen have extended their scope tremendously The Government has given an impetus to the industry with its experimental stations run under the auspices of the Ministry of Agriculture and its departments, where every horticulture enquiry will receive an answer.

"The most profitable form of agriculture" is the description now given by an expert of the flower industry.

British violets, particularly those grown in Devonshire, have become known as the best and finest in the world. Their production is increasing by leaps and bounds.

Ten years ago anemones were not grown in England in any quantity to speak of. Now thousands of acres of them are cultivated, both under frames and in the open. Housewives have given a warm welcome to this hardy little flower. A bunch of the many-coloured blooms can be bought for a few pence, and they are available for months.

Those who can afford something a little more choice will buy English tulips this Christmas, because they will probably be cheaper than ever before. Tulips are the greatest romance of the English grower. Only six or seven years ago Dutch tulips came on the market first, in late January, and not in any great quantity. Then supplies arrived from France, and later still from the Channel Islands.

NOWADAYS, from Christmas to July, you can buy English tulips. It is all done by proper organisation, and this is how. The earliest are grown in hot-houses, maybe at Worthing in Sussex, in Cornwall or in Devon. Many for the London market come from Uxbridge, just outside the Metropolis. Then consignments come from the Scilly Isles and Guernsey.

From early in February supplies begin to arrive from Lincolnshire, first from greenhouses, then from frames, and later in vast quantities from the open fields. Still farther north we look for our supplies as the weather gets warmer, until in early July the last sturdy bunches of tulips we buy have come from the north of Scotland.

Nearly seven months' continual supply. A triumph indeed!

Lincolnshire—Spalding, to be exact—is the centre of another new industry—that of British-grown bulbs—which might well be called an industry within an industry. In 1931 we spent £1,470,000 on foreign bulbs. Experts declare this will be totally unnecessary a few years hence.

Curiously enough, in the past, daffodils and other spring flowers were actually born in Cornwall and Devon, produced laboriously from seed. Enterprising Dutchmen then came along, bought the bulbs, tested, improved, propagated them, and sold them back to us. Now Devon, Cornwall and the Scilly Isles are all busy, while at Spalding 2,500 acres were under bulbs this autumn.

IT is also at Spalding that a great centre has been set up similar to that at Haarlem, Holland. In addition, the Ministry of Agriculture and the County Council have founded a large experimental station near Boston. Here horticulturists and scientists are making innumerable experiments, with the result that beneficial discoveries are taking place with amazing frequency.

Round about Christmas-time, at Covent Garden and all the great provincial markets you will find huge consignments of chrysanthemums. They come chiefly from Worthing and the surrounding districts. Every month almost, enterprise is adding to the long list of varieties of this profitable and popular flower. Imagine seventy varieties of white and "off" white alone, just to mention one instance.

LAST DAYS!

Only eight more days! JOHN BULL'S Great Christmas Gift Offer closes on December 30. Hurry! if you wish to make sure of getting one of the famous JOHN BULL Writing Sets.

Which will you choose—a gift voucher worth 5s. or a gift voucher worth 2s. 6d.? Make up your mind. Closing date is drawing near—don't miss this opportunity—turn now to page 14.

YOUNG DICTATORS of TOYLAND

EIGHT million children have seen, by now, what toys the Christmas of 1933 has to offer. What do they think of them?

That is what the toy trade of the country, a far bigger and more important one than most people imagine it to be, is waiting to discover.

On what that vast army of excited youngsters demands in the shops, or shouts up the chimneys for Santa Claus to bring on Christmas morning, the reputations of toy designers are made or marred.

If they can emulate that biggest success of all time—the "Teddy Bear"—they will always be regarded as acknowledged masters of their craft. If the child of their imagination proves to be the "hit" of the year, like the Golliwog of pre-war days, "Dismal Desmond" last year, or as "Lazybones" promises to be this Christmas, they have won the highest honour within their reach.

It is as difficult as designing battleships, however much people may sneer at their work as "only a toy." For one thing, they have only got child psychology to guide them, and that is ever-changing.

Take "Lazybones"—this year's success.

One thing that every designer relies on is that children do not want photographically exact copies of an animal. They like a touch of caricature about it, so long as that touch of the grotesque makes the animal more human rather than less so.

FOR instance, the designer of "Lazybones"—a rather sad-looking dog of the field type—gambled that children would prefer, this year, a dog with laziness stamped on every feature, joint and whisker.

He aimed at portraying the sort of dog that monopolises the hearth-rug, that believes all fires are made for his benefit alone. You have seen him, pushing his way through a forest of legs, to glue his nose as near the grate as he can get it, collapsing into a mound of helplessness, and looking as if the house has turned against him if somebody stirs him with a boot to silence his snores.

In that design there are all the essentials of success. The dog's features tell a story, which is important. There is just that slight touch of the exaggerated in him to appeal to that love a child has for "the ugly duckling." And he is a change from the alert-looking animals that children have tired of in recent years.

There is fame and fortune in a successful toy. Greta Steiff, the German girl of thirty years ago, who gave the world the Teddy Bear, found that out.

She saw a honey-bear in the Black Forest, and thought how every child in the world would like to hug it. Then the idea of reproducing it came to her and she asked herself why every child shouldn't have the chance to hug it.

Probably, because children had never had a stuffed animal offered them as a toy before, the design swept round the whole world. In America it was given the name of Teddy because the then President—"Teddy" Roosevelt—used to go bear-shooting, and political opponents suggested that this was the only kind of bear he dare shoot. Teddy Bear is still a winner, despite the fact that the average child will not tolerate buttons for eyes and a face without lines in any other kind of toy.

The Golliwog—the queer little fuzzy fellow—was the idea of a young Englishwoman, who actually saw her design for a toy worn as brooches and tie-pins by sedate, middle-aged people, adopted as a trade-mark for a variety of goods, and used as a form of packing for scent and other articles.

WHAT a strange mixture of artist, craftsman and student of human nature the toy-maker must be.

He must remember that every toy box is a world in miniature to the child who owns it, and yet he must see that those qualities that a child likes in human beings and animals are exaggerated for its benefit.

If his medium is artificial fur, or velvet, or plush, or some material made specially for him, he must be able to plan flat pieces so that when they are sewn together and filled they give a true-to-life figure. And he must watch grown-up fashions.

When he designs in tin or wood he must be as exacting as to strength as if he were designing a real ship or a motor-car, remembering that the miniature article will undergo a hundred times more banging about, in relation to its size, than the real thing.

He must bear in mind that one small change in design might call for an expenditure of thousands of pounds in new plant, and not have the fault of nervousness or over-boldness.

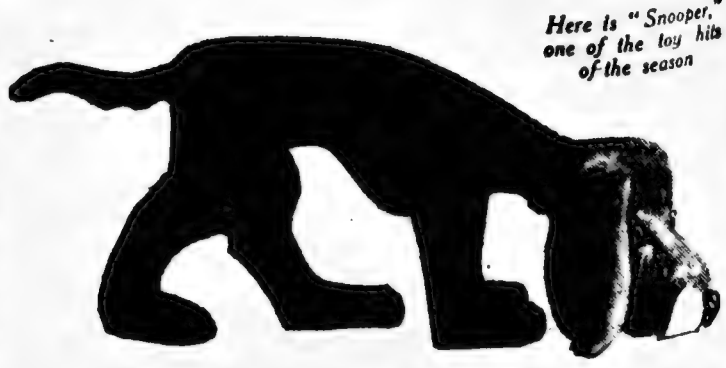
And, remembering that the cheaper the article the more expensive the machine that makes it, and also that a "line" must prove popular for more than a year if it is going to justify the expense of mass production, he must know whether to go out for the cheap market or not.

He must please the child. For the child knows best. Toys are his affair.

The children of yesterday were compelled to accept the same old kind of thing year after year—until toy designers came who could understand their way of thinking.

To-morrow?

The eyes of dolls and animals will be life-like, apart from that touch of caricature. The lines of the face will be there—accentuated, to exaggerate some lovable trait. Every fabric toy will be real life made a little more cuddleable. Modern childhood demands it.



Here is "Snooper," one of the toy hits of the season

£20 MUST BE WON FITTING PHRASES NO ENTRANCE FEE

On this page are reproduced seven advertisements and a series of descriptive phrases. Which phrase do you consider best applies to each advertisement? A prize of £20 will be awarded to the reader who on either form submits the correct or nearest correct placing of the seven phrases in the most appropriate manner as decided by the Advertisement Director of "John Bull." In the event of a tie the prize of £20 will be equally divided. The prize of £20 must be won. THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE—all that you have to do is to study carefully the advertisements and the phrases on this page. Each advertisement has a LETTER in the top left-hand corner and each of the phrases is NUMBERED On the Entry Form below indicate in INK the way in which the seven phrases in your opinion apply most aptly to each of the seven advertisements by writing PHRASE NUMBERS in the blank spaces underneath the LETTERS on Coupon. No phrase may be used more than once. No correspondence will be entered into. Send your entries in an envelope sealed (1½d. stamp).

CLOSING DATE:
Sat., Jan. 6th, 1934.
The name of the winner or winners will be announced in "John Bull" issue published Thursday, Jan. 25.

FIT THESE PHRASES

1. You may pay more—you won't do better.
2. They all come back for more.
3. You can't do better than try it.
4. Strengthens—nourishes—sustains.
5. Goes further—lasts longer.
6. To be so popular it must be good.
7. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:
Fitting Phrases, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

A

YOU WONT FIND A MORE SATISFYING SMOKE IN A DAYS MARCH

TRADE MARK

5D HALF OUNCE

BOAR'S HEAD TOBACCO

B

HEALTH BEAUTY ECONOMY

An individually Designed Spencer Corset or Belt will correct bad posture, safeguard your health and beauty, and save you money. Fitted by scientifically trained Spencer Corsetieres. Recommended by over 30,000 Doctors throughout the world.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., Banbury, Oxon, for name and address of nearest Corsetiere.

SPENCER

Individually designed Foundation Garments and Surgical Supports.

C

"Bring the daylight from the dining room"

In the dim dark hours, daylight can still be with you. Daylight you can carry from room to room. Turn on the Aladdin and noon has arrived. An amazing lamp is the Aladdin — used by millions throughout the world. It burns paraffin and costs under ½d. an hour to run. Lights instantly. Spotlessly clean. Safe. Noiseless. Trouble-free. Beautifully designed. No one can afford to be without an Aladdin.

See the Aladdin range at your local ironmonger.
Table Lamp Model. Prices from 33/-.
Shades extra from 4/6.

Aladdin
REG. TRADE MARK
INCANDESCENT MANTLE LAMPS

ALADDIN INDUSTRIES Ltd., BUILDING, GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX
London Showrooms
71, Mortimer Street, Oxford Circus, W.1

D

STRENGTH FOR THE WEAK
PROTECTION FOR THE STRONG

Concentrated Beef Tea—rich in the body-building Vitamin A. Wincarnis Beef Cubes are the most nourishing food for invalids, and a great ally against the attacks of influenza and other winter ills. A Wincarnis Beef Cube in a glass of hot milk is ideal for young and old, weak and strong.

WINCARNIS BEEF CUBES

6d. for 4 in cartons from all good Grocers and Chemists. In case of difficulty, send direct to:
Coleman & Co., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

E

CICFA for CHRISTMAS INDIGESTION

At Christmas-time nearly everyone eats more than usual. Family parties mean feasting, eating richer food and often larger meals. The result is almost invariably Indigestion.

Even if your digestion is usually good, Christmas is a season when you are very likely to have an attack of Acidity, or that "feeling of fullness" after eating, or, still more trying—troublesome Constipation.

One little tablet of Cicfa taken at the beginning of a meal will ensure that *you can eat what you like, when you like,* and feel no ill-effects afterwards.

Purchase a tube of Cicfa immediately from your chemist, and have it on hand, so that you can eat what you like of Christmas fare without fear of Indigestion.

Sold by all Chemists, price 1/3 and 3/-.

F

THE NEVER-FAILING REMEDY

No cough or cold, however stubborn, can resist Galloway's Cough Syrup. In every case, this famous old London remedy means speedy and complete recovery

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

Sold by all Chemists & Stores Price 1/3 or 2/6 per bottle or direct from P. H. Galloway Ltd., Qualified Chemists, London, S.E.17.

G

TELLENE

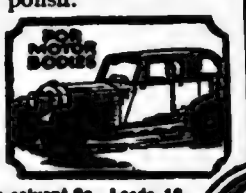
SUPER-POLISH

CLEANS POLISHES PRESERVES

Gives an amazing lustre to Furniture and Woodwork. Unsurpassed for Motor Bodies as well as Leather, Stained Floors, Lino, etc. Easy to apply, simple and quick to polish.

FREE
SAMPLE TIN sent on request if this paper is mentioned, or large 6d. tin on receipt of 3d. stamps.

IN LARGE TINS
6D
10D & 1/6



M'facturers: Gro-solvent Co., Leeds, 12.

4 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

(Section 4) Write clearly in Ink.

Coupons for Section 4

Other £20 Contests on pages 16, 25 and 27

4 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

(Section 4) Write clearly in Ink.

FOOTBALL
GET THE "BIG TWO"
CHALLENGER FOOTBALL
NOTHING BARRED LISTS NOTHING STARRED
SIX LEAGUES TO CHOOSE FROM
LONG ODDS NOW FOR THE
ENGLISH CUP
Send for Price List
THE SAME GENEROUS TERMS
OVER THE STICKS
as for the Flat.
NO LIMIT—WIN or PLACE
WINNINGS BY RETURN
Any amount from 1/- may be invested by letter in accordance with rules. Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than set time of any race will be on at FULL STARTING PRICE. Registered Letters must be posted overnight.
Fill in this Coupon for particulars of FREE WRITING SET.
Name .....
I am over 21
Address .....
Town .....
J.B. County .....
POST NOW TO
DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD.
267 BATH STREET GLASGOW C.2

Your Own Xmas Gift!

4 Cheques of £20 each are offered on pages 16, 25, 27 & 29.

This week "John Bull" offers £80 in cash in a simple advertisement competition appearing on pages 16, 25, 27, and 29. Don't on any account miss it! All prizes must be won. No Entrance Fee. Why not make it a Fireside Game and get all the family to help?

Full details are given on each page, for which separate prizes of £20 are being awarded. Note closing date, Jan. 6th, 1934. Send in your entries NOW or as soon as possible. They should be completed in ink and sent in sealed envelope (1½d. stamp).

Turn to

Pages 16, 25, 27 & 29

The THRILL of the Season

ONLY those domiciled away from home know the joy and thrill of returning—even for but a short spell.

One hundred and fifty miles away in the Cotswolds is my little home cottage, and it is there I am going to repair for the Yuletide season.

There will be no parties—just the simple holly-decked home in which I was born, and the sheer gladness of being there.

Each motion of the train taking me will be a "chug of cheer," for in a decade and a half of roaming I have learned the real truth about "home."

There's no place like it—especially at Christmas.—*R. L., Devon.*

Glittering Treasure-houses

As a child nothing pleased me better than to walk round the Christmas toy bazaars—to gaze in rapt wonderment at the glittering, tinsel-bedecked counters, holding treasures of inestimable value.

Although nearly thirty I have never forgotten the thrill of that Christmas shopping. I have no nephews or nieces, and even if I had, could not afford to buy them the presents I should like them to have.

But I visit the toy shops just the same. I watch other people's little ones gazing spellbound, just as I used to do!—*C. R., Bradford.*

Grand Re-union

As a grandmother, I am again looking forward to seeing my children, their wives and husbands, and their little ones, gathered together under my roof.

From all parts of the world they gravitate towards the old folks, to give them the great thrill of seeing their family united amid scenes of laughter and good humour.

To look around a well-laden table and see three generations of one's own flesh and blood together in revelry is an experience that only "Granny" can fully appreciate.—*Happy, Birmingham.*

Pleasant Surprises

I am twenty-four, yet still hang up my stocking for the gifts of "Father Christmas."

The members of our household are tolerant of this idiosyncrasy of mine, and give me their presents by filling my stocking whilst I am asleep.

Since childhood I have enjoyed that supreme Christmas thrill of emptying a stocking packed with pleasant surprises.

I hope to continue my whim until I die of old age, for as a thrill it is incomparable, and gives me greater pleasure than anything I know.—*Miss L. T., Handsworth.*

Heard at Midnight

I am a lighthouse-keeper and will spend my Christmas on lonely rocks miles off the Irish Coast, with two fellow-keepers as companions.

Owing to bad winds and rough seas we sometimes do not get our Christmas mails until the end of January or middle of February. It all depends on the weather.

The thrill I get under these depressing circumstances is to hear, at twelve midnight Christmas Eve, from the outside world the voice of the wireless announcer saying, "Happy Christmas to everybody!"—*D. O'S., Co. Donegal.*

Christmas Cards

Nothing gives me greater pleasure than choosing Christmas cards and seeking messages to suit my various friends and relations.

There are homely greetings for those whom the seas divide; congratulations for the aged who have welcomed yet another Christmas, and messages of hope for the young.

Best of all are the words of love I choose for my dear ones; words that would otherwise be unspoken.

I am proud to see that my pile of cards grows higher each year, thus signifying that my circle of friends is steadily increasing.—*M. S., Bournemouth.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Wednesday, December 27.

The New Year Resolution That Helped Me Most

"I suspect they know it's only father . . ."

Father Dresses Up

A red cloak with lavish white trimmings, a Father Christmas hat and a beard of cotton-wool languish for twelve months together in a box up in the attic.

But now I have an excuse to bring them out and wear them once again; I can paint my cheeks rosy red and stagger in before young wide-open eyes with a bulging sack on my back and a benevolent expression on my face . . . and get a tremendous thrill out of doing it!

I suspect that those kiddies of mine, growing towards a less credulous age, know that it's only father after all, but they never let on—I really believe they realise it would spoil the old man's fun if they grew wise too soon!—*A. S. B., Seascale.*

Only Here

This will be the first Christmas that I shall have spent in England for twenty years, having been in India during the whole of that period.

Nowhere in the world is Christmas *really* Christmas, except in England.

The cold weather, the evergreens, the seasonable food—and drinks! The very thought of it all gives me a thrill, especially after years of eating tinned Christmas pudding with the mercury registering one hundred degrees in the shade!—*T. B., Lydd.*

Lived Again

The thrill of opening my own stocking is long past, but I live it all again in the joy of watching my ward of six children—some too ill to raise themselves, yet all aglow with anticipation.

To watch baby eyes sparkle, dimples appear, and pale, wan faces wreathe in smiles, as each cheap sixpenny article comes to light.—"*Nurse,*" *Wallasey.*

Mother's Cooking

All the year round I lodge with relatives and suffer continually with dyspepsia, and rarely enjoy a meal.

But when I go home for a week at Christmas I can eat anything and thoroughly enjoy it.

Perhaps it's the influence of home surroundings, the laughter and joy of the kiddies, the fun of the party, or mother's cooking.

Whatever the cause, my Christmas thrill is food.—*R. D. W., Bristol.*

* * *

My most enjoyable experience is to listen to the cheerful singing of Christmas carols.—"*Salopia,*" *Dawley.*

Mine consists of waking up early enough on that eventful morning to hear the kiddies striving to undo their "stockings."—*Mrs. T. B., Chatteris.*

Old maids, spending pennies on dirty little ruffians; greedy little boys saving their sweet money for presents for mother; hard-handed farm labourer loitering round the toy window; these provide me, a village shop-girl, with my greatest thrill.—*D. V. W., Kent.*

My thrill will be in playing unexpected "Santa Claus" to some less fortunate person."—*H. M. V., Lancs.*

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches played on December 23

FIRST DIVISION.
(1) SUNDERLAND v. Derby.
(2) Portsmouth v. W.B. Albion.
(3) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Manchester C.
*(4) ASTON VILLA v. Everton.
(5) Chelsea v. Leeds.
(6) HUDDERSFIELD v. Birmingham.
(7) Leicester v. MIDDLESBRO'.
(8) LIVERPOOL v. Newcastle.
(9) Sheffield U. v. ARSENAL.
(10) STOKE v. Leicester.
*(11) HOTSPUR v. Blackburn.

SECOND DIVISION.
(1) OLDHAM v Fulham.
(2) PRESTON v. Southampton.
*(3) GRIMSBY v. Bradford C.
**(4) MANCHESTER U. v. Millwall.
(5) WEST HAM v. Notts.
(6) PLYMOUTH v. Swansea.
**(7) BOLTON v. Lincoln.
*(8) BRADFORD v. Blackpool.
*(9) BRENTFORD v. Bury.
(10) BURNLEY v. Hull.
(11) Forest v. Port Vale.

SOUTHERN SECTION.
(1) COVENTRY v. Clapton O.
**(2) C. PALACE v. Newport.
(3) WATFORD v. Brighton.
(4) BOSCOMBE v. Luton.
(5) Bristol R. v. NORWICH.
(6) CARDIFF v. Northampton.
(7) CHARLTON v. Aldershot.
(8) EXETER v. Torquay.
(9) Gillingham v. Q.P. Rangers.
(10) READING v. Swindon.
(11) SOUTHEND v. Bristol C.

NORTHERN SECTION.
*(1) CHESTERFIELD v. Stockport
(2) MANSFIELD v. Rotherham.
(3) SOUTHPORT v. Chester.
*(4) WREXHAM v. York.
(5) ACCRINGTON v. Carlisle.
**(6) BARNSLEY v. N. Brighton.
(7) Darlington v. Doncaster.
(8) Gateshead v. Barrow.
**(9) HARTLEPOOLS v. Walsall.
(10) Rochdale v. HALIFAX.
*(11) TRANMERE v. Crewe.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
(1) Cowdenbeath v. KILMARNOCK.
**(2) MOTHERWELL v. Clyde.
(3) THIRD LANARK v. Falkirk.
(4) Airdrie v. RANGERS.
(5) Ayr United v. Aberdeen.
(6) CELTIC v. Queen of South.
(7) Dundee v. St. Johnstone.
(8) HIBERNIANS v. Queen's Park.
(9) Partick v. HAMILTON.
(10) St. Mirren v. HEARTS.

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

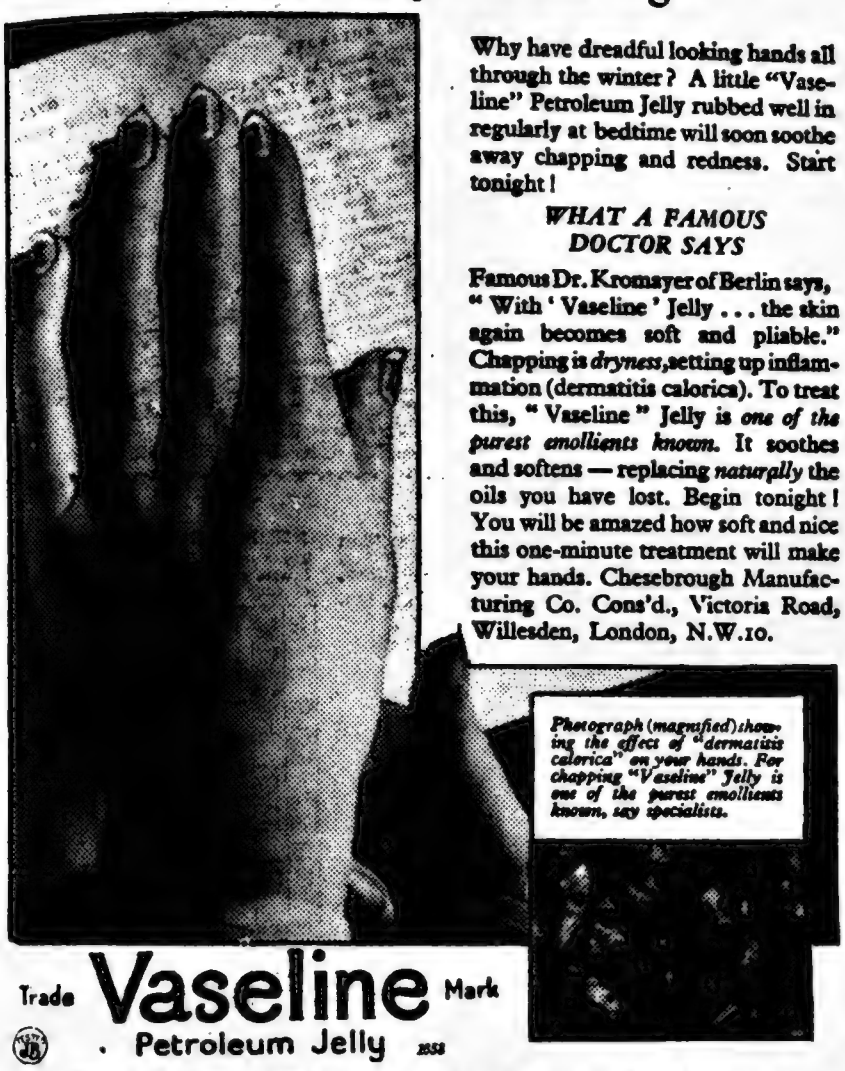
SPECIAL STAR CODE

Example Code.—Div. I., 4(*H*); Div. II., 7(*H*); Southern Section, 5(*A*); Northern Section, 9(*H*); Scottish League, 2(*H*), would indicate Aston Villa, Bolton, Norwich, Hartlepools and Motherwell.

If you are a Football Pool Punter you must read the unique day-by-day service offered by the *Sporting Life*. It publishes *every Monday* a full list of pool dividends and forecasts of the following Saturday's Games. *Every Thursday* it gives an exclusive Football Pool Chart, showing at a glance the matches played, results, points and form, and forecasts of experts. For a specimen copy of the chart, simply send a postcard to: *Sporting Life* (Dept. J.B.), 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.

CHAPPED HANDS

Restore their softness overnight



Why have dreadful looking hands all through the winter? A little "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly rubbed well in regularly at bedtime will soon soothe away chapping and redness. Start tonight!

WHAT A FAMOUS DOCTOR SAYS

Famous Dr. Kromayer of Berlin says, "With 'Vaseline' Jelly . . . the skin again becomes soft and pliable." Chapping is *dryness*, setting up inflammation (dermatitis calorica). To treat this, "Vaseline" Jelly is *one of the purest emollients known.* It soothes and softens — replacing *naturally* the oils you have lost. Begin tonight! You will be amazed how soft and nice this one-minute treatment will make your hands. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

Photograph (magnified) showing the effect of "dermatitis calorica" on your hands. For chapping "Vaseline" Jelly is one of the purest emollients known, say specialists.

Trade **Vaseline** Mark

Petroleum Jelly

For chilblains — quick relief with "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly

---

Have a Capstan - you'll like it better

10 FOR 6D
20 FOR 11½D

CC426

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

If You Could SEE

What Happens When You

COUGH

—if you could *see* the thousands of tiny air and blood sacs strained and tortured by every gasping paroxysm . . . if you could *see* the terrible strain thrown on the whole respiratory tract, then

You Would Realise Why You Must Get

VENOS

Brand

— Lightning —

COUGH CURE

A cough is Nature's signal that your vital breathing organs have become a breeding ground for dangerous germs. **Neglected,** a cough leads inevitably to Bronchitis, 'Flu, Asthma, Catarrh, and other serious Chest Troubles.

Don't run the risk of falling a victim to serious Lung Weakness. Take VENOS at once!

The first dose will bring instant relief from that tearing, hacking, DANGEROUS cough! The damaged linings of Throat and Lungs are soothed . . . irritation is banished . . . deadly disease germs succumb **at once** to the LIGHTNING action!

—THROAT

The sensitive linings of the Throat and Bronchial Tubes are strained and damaged by EVERY COUGH. Venos soothes away soreness —kills infectious germs— and restores the delicate membranes to thorough health.

—LUNGS

A persistent cough throws a strain on the Lungs which they cannot withstand for long without a weakened resistance to deadly disease germs. Venos lightning action, by STOPPING that incessant cough, allows the Lungs to build up strength and fortifies them against future attacks.

48-HOUR TEST!

If You Suffer From

COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, 'FLU, ASTHMA, CATARRH,

or any Lung Trouble

go to your nearest chemist and buy a 1/3 Bottle. Take as directed for only 2 DAYS and if the results are not ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY we will refund your money in full at once. Simply return the empty carton to the Veno Drug Company, Ltd., Manchester, 16.

VENOS LIGHTNING BRAND COUGH CURE

1/3 and 3/-

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT NEW 2-IN-1 PENSION PRIZE with BIG CHEQUES and MORE GIANT HAMPERS

£2 EVERY SATURDAY FOR LIFE
PLUS
£500 Cash
IF LUMP SUM IS PREFERRED ···£900 WILL BE PAID···
£100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP ···
£100 EXTRA BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP FROM WHOM WE RECEIVED TWO 6P ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE
GIANT PARTY HAMPERS
··ONE WITH EVERY RUNNERS-UP AWARD···
10 SEASONABLE LUXURIES
PLUMP SURREY FOWL···SAUSAGES···PLUM PUDDING···CAKE···FRUIT···
CHOCOLATES···CIGARETTES···CRACKERS···BISCUITS···BOTTLE OF FINE OLD PORT

TO-DAY you have a last opportunity to qualify for our great 2-in-1 Crossword First Prize, and success will mean for you a £2 weekly Life Pension plus a Cheque for the fine sum of £500. Should you prefer a single award, an increased cheque for £900 can be your choice.

Runners-up, you will see, will qualify to share £200 as above, and there is an additional award for each Runner-up of a Giant Party Hamper with which to make merry in the New Year.

Don't keep all your good resolutions for the New Year, but make one now. Determine that you will give an hour of your Christmas leisure to "John Bull's" entertaining problem below. And make sure that your squares are in not later than noon, Friday, December 29.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £2 a week and £500 Cash (or a lump sum of £900) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. A Giant Party Hamper will be added to every Runners-up prize. Solution and winner of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 11, 1934.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 241—CLOSING (NOON) FRIDAY, DEC. 29, 1933.

J B 241

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.....No..... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 241—CLOSING (NOON) FRIDAY, DEC. 29, 1933.

J B 241

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.....No..... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately and add name and address to each.

ADDRESS ENTRY "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 241, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

Solutions and Winners in Competition No. 240 will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, December 28, as announced.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD NO. 238. Twenty-one competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of £4 15 3 have been despatched.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Victimised
4. Talk too much
6. Green fruit providing oil
7. Cigarette ends in
8. Takes the place of policeman
14. Excellent
15. Worship
17. What we do at meals
18. Short for father
20. Religious body
23. Expired
25. For travelling over snow
26. Take back what was said
28. Time past
30. Towards stern of vessel
32. Imitate
33. Meat is kept upon, in larder
34. She searches out bargains in this
35. Usually shrinks from washing

DOWN

1. Homeless man often goes to
2. Often driven into earth as support
3. Crank's views are this
4. Money for this is welcome
5. How Jonah was swallowed
9. It's filling
10. For most of us, it's a tram
11. Told fibs
12. Dust is often brushed from these
13. Turning key often makes this sound
16. Be in debt to
19. What skill they show!
21. Is often cut up for building
22. Right one makes hat more becoming
23. Seaside resort is, in some seasons
24. Show signs of depression
27. Oculist tests yours
29. Helps the boat along
31. You ask lawyer's, nervously

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. For six squares send ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE—for Eight Squares send TWO SHILLINGS. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Friday, December 29, 1933.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Each entrant may also submit four entry forms from last week's announcements, increasing entry fee accordingly. Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Solution and Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 11, 1934. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, January 23, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared, £900 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

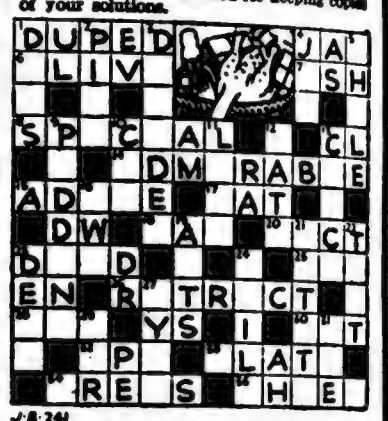
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE

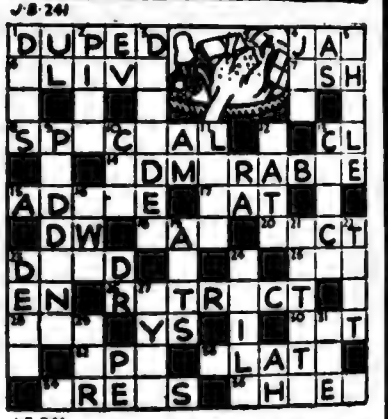
A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



J·B·241



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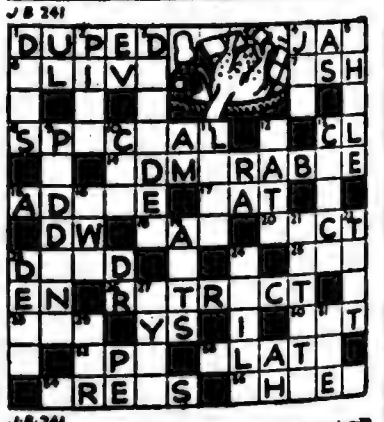

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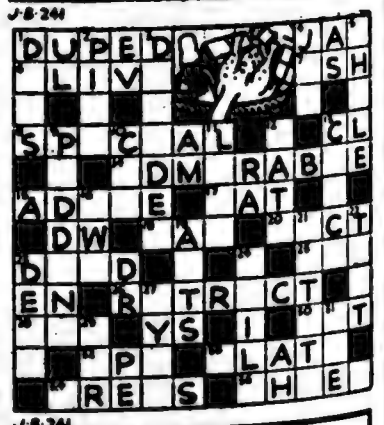

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ENTRY FEE

With two squares send P.O. for 6d. With four squares send P.O. for 1/-. With 6 squares send P.O. for 1/6. With 8 squares send P.O. for 2/-. See Rule 2.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

The Editor Laughs Last

G. J. M. (Liverpool). — "Every schoolboy abhors cramming." You've evidently never seen one at a Christmas party.

OLIVE (Derby).—"I believe in marrying for love." But in loving where money is?

P. D. (Heston).—"I haven't an ounce of superfluous fat on my body." What about your head?

C. P. (Dorking).—"My barber insists upon every customer removing his collar before he is shaved." Necks, please.

PATRIOT (Liverpool).—"The present generation is making history." Well, we only hope it won't repeat itself.

B. K. B. (Jedburgh).—"I have the best wife going." But why is she going, and where to?

R. F. (Walsall).—"My son likes big things; what shall I give him for Christmas?" What about a couple of elephants?

C. A. S. (Kingston).—"I am a man who is frightened by nothing." Poor chap. You must be in a nervous condition.

MR. M. (York).—"My wife is giving me a silver cigarette-case for Christmas." Couldn't you afford a gold one?

SALLY (Green Lanes).—"As I do not know what to buy my hubby for Christmas, I am giving him £5 out of my savings." See letter below.

TOM (Green Lanes).—"As I don't know what to give the wife at Christmas, I am giving her a fiver." See letter above.

NINETY (St. Helier).—"I guess I was living well before you were born." That seems to have been the time when folk did well to live

CURIOUS (Warwick).—"Why are authors so often photographed holding a book?" To show that they are able to read as well as write.

ALBERT (Hammersmith).—"I have given up gambling, drink, dancing, cigarettes, the company of girls—in short, I am reformed." Broke?

CHAUFFEUR (Norfolk).—"It is always wise to give a woman driver half the road." And lucky if you guess which half she wants.

MRS. J. (Woolston).—"My maid persists in saying 'the 'ouse' instead of 'the house.'" You're lucky if she drops nothing more than her aitches.

G. T. (Exeter).—"To a geologist a thousand years is a mere nothing." Heavens! And we lent a geologist five pounds only last week.

N. B. (Yardley).—"Parliament is absent far too long for the Christmas vacation." But we must give the other pantomimes a chance.

D. M. (Enfield).—"A new housing estate on the outskirts of London has decided to have a village pump." It appears that residents are tired of carrying their petrol in tins from the nearest garage.

A. M. (Portobello).—"The first thing some men want when they get a little money is a wife." And the first thing they want when they get a wife is a little money.

SAM S. (Jarrow).—"The first time I sang in opera hundreds of people waited for me at the stage door after the performance." But you saved your life by sneaking out by the front entrance?

C. I. (Manchester).—"A French philosopher says that man first became conscious of sin 5,000 years ago." The cycle is just about completed—he is practically unconscious of it again.

MODISTE (Clapham).—"When one shop persistently ruins a woman's frocks she is perfectly entitled to take her custom to another." Yes, but not to send all her friends to the first.

D. S. (Eccles).—"Her ruby lips made me try for a kiss." And did it come off?

S. D. (Woking).—"What is the Christmas outlook like?" Mainly fare.

C. T. (Southend).—"My wife deals in winkles as a side-line." Pin money.

C. V. (Chelsea).—"What would your office-boy do if I sent him a fiver for Christmas?" A jig.

R. L. (Gravesend).—"I'm going flying next week. What clothes ought I to wear?" Wear a wing collar.

W. F. (Bolton).—"It's healthier to be cremated." We should hate to be unhealthy after we are dead.

T. R. (Buxton).—"I am a confirmed pessimist." Then we wish you a Christmas and a New Year.

P. K. (Hythe).—"There isn't much money in billiards." There should be plenty of tips.

T. C. (Leeds).—"Good will is at the back of most Christmas presents." And, sometimes, the price ticket.

ROMANTIC (Tewkesbury).—"Do typists turn out good wives?" We have heard of a wife turning out a good typist when she'd caught her.

C. B. (Colne).—"Who started the idea of putting coins and trinkets in Christmas puddings?" Probably a syndicate of dentists.

FRANK (Ealing).—"An unemployed man has written a novel about unemployed men." We understand that it has no new situations.

R. P. L. (Darlington).—"Our novelists have lost their nerve." Have they? You ought to see the stuff some of them have the nerve to send us.

HUBBY (Eccles).—"What can one do when one has stepped full weight on the wife's pet corn?" Just listen as meekly as possible.

M. N. (Westminster).—"Who wants the good, old-fashioned Christmas, with heaps of snow and all that?" The snow shifters.

R. M. (Ely).—"It is always a good plan to call a spade a spade." But when you speak of a red-haired girl it's wiser to say "auburn."

HARRY B. (Kettering).—"The enclosed essay won me the first prize in a competition. What do you think about it?" That you were the only entrant.

JACK B. (St. Helens).—"My girl is sweet, never sour, never gets the pip, and loves me to the core." She is the apple of your eye?

MR. T. (Tamworth).—"I was surprised to see a wasp crawling up the stairs the other morning." No doubt it was just as surprised to see you doing the same.

J. C. (Brough).—"Good turkeys are scarce this year." Do you blame them?

T. D. (Smithfield).—"Modern girls are absolutely matchless." Still, that doesn't prevent them from having a smoke.

ENTOMOLOGIST (Sutton).—"There is little happiness for insects in the modern world." We can picture a horse-fly sitting moping on a car radiator.

DAISY (Chelmsford).—"Although I am eighteen, I still hang up my stocking at Christmas. What do you think I got in it last year?" A ladder?

MISS JANE (Hull).—"He told me that I could keep the wolf away from the door by singing." This seems a somewhat doubtful compliment.

G. S. (Westminster).—"A well-known M.P. boasts that he is familiar with all the most important political questions." Yes, but does he know the answers?

G. T. (Burton).—"I'm building a pub. where a man can get a good bite as well as a good bitter. Can you suggest a name for it?" "The Anglers' Arms."

MOTHER (Beverley).—"Little boys still believe in fairy stories." Except the fairy story about the little boy who ate too much Christmas pudding.

FRED (Coventry).—"She kissed me under the mistletoe and I kissed her back." What was your objection to kissing the girl's lips?

E. T. (Salford).—"It's a perfect scandal. My husband has not had a rise since we were married ten years ago." See letter below.

J. T. (Salford).—"The only way I can get any pocket-money is by not telling my wife when I get a rise." See letter above.

JOLLYBOY (Clapton).—"Laugh and you will never be ill." Income-tax collectors and doctors seem to be in league with each other.

THOMAS (Cardiff).—"Christmas festivities play the deuce with one. I never know whether I shall come through it all." Unmarried?

E. P. (Catford).—"If there's anything in a wishbone, ours is going to bring a radio set." Try a *Bullets* coupon also—that can bring you the £500 and Radio Gramophone offered on page 35.

R. M. (Birmingham).—"The judge of a recent baby show received thirty-nine abusive letters and ten angry women callers after the event." It appears that exactly fifty fond mothers entered their offspring for the show.

BUSINESS MAN (London).—"The down-and-out asked me to give him a penny for a sandwich." That wasn't dear; they usually charge twopence.

THOMAS T. (Clapham).—"I have known what sheer helplessness means." Such as losing your spectacles and not being able to look for them till you've found them?

F. N. (Edgware).—"When I come home late I always climb over the back fence and enter the house from the back." We suppose you have a picturesque winding garden path by now.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

Castols

NOT MORE CASTOR OIL

The safe, pleasant aperient for children and adults, approved by 24 years' experience. No discomfort. No change in diet necessary. Not habit-forming. Everybody needs a laxative occasionally—and everybody likes Castols. You will find them really good.

One Castol (three sections) is a dose for an adult. One or two sections for children according to age.

Only 2d. for a trial packet
Also 1/- and 1/10 tins
All Chemists

● TEST TO-NIGHT— ●
FEEL BETTER TO-MORROW

"LYBRO" OVERALLS SLOGAN COMPETITION RESULT.

The Winner of the "LYBRO" OVERALLS Slogan Competition is Mr. G. E. C. Pescud, of 19, Salisbury Street, Morecambe. His slogan was "Capital for Labour," and readers will agree that this very clever slogan of only three words is worthy of the first prize. Ten Consolation Prizes of a Guinea have also been awarded, and the manufacturers of "LYBRO" OVERALLS wish to thank all those hundreds who sent in entries to this Competition.

Tickling Throats

Quickly and pleasantly relieved with VICK 6d LOZENGES

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

SKIN DISEASES

Marvellous Results of New Blood Treatment.

"Skin Soft as Velvet."

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world . . ."
(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP,
30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Piles, and other Diseases of the Skin and Circulatory System.

It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Send for Free Sample.

Elasto treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

The NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd. (Dept. 18A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

PROVED BY ELEVEN HUNDRED TESTS IN EUROPE'S GREATEST RADIO FACTORY.

News—for all homes without electricity. The Columbia C.Q.A. Battery Radiograph Four gives reproduction, on both radio and records, equal in every respect to that of a comparable all mains radiogram. Let Columbia show what batteries can do!

Write, mentioning "John Bull," to The Columbia Graphophone Co., Ltd., 98, Clerkenwell Rd., E.C.1, or better still, fill in the coupon on page 23 for Free Catalogue and full particulars which will be sent without obligation.

Just a minute ——please!

That's all it will take of your time to read one or two of "The Small Ads. Worth Watching" on p. 2. You're bound to find something of interest or value there.

JOHN BULL'S Christmas Goodwill Offering

to you and your family

"PEACE on earth and goodwill to all men"—these are sentiments that should begin at home. What greater goodwill offering could you bestow upon your family than the peace of mind that comes from a sense of security?

Make the family Christmas happier with the security offered by JOHN BULL'S magnificent Free Family Insurance Gift. It acts as a screen against the devastating effect of Fire, it repairs the damage of Storm and Flood, it brings the practical comfort of a substantial cheque in the event of sickness such as diphtheria, measles, etc. JOHN BULL is the *only* paper to protect the home against these common, everyday risks. And these represent only a part of the valuable benefits that JOHN BULL brings to you and yours.

To secure these benefits, you need merely complete the forms below. A moment with your pen—and you may have cause to be thankful for life. Do it now, for a happier Christmas.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT
Look out next week for an important announcement of vital interest to every reader.

Complete these Forms To-day!

JOHN BULL

CUT HERE

Hand this coupon to your Newsagent.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 23/12/33.

CUT HERE

Post this coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature.....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 23/12/33.

How they used their BIG Cheques

A FEW months ago there was little to look forward to in the life of Mr. T. Moys, 137, Hale Drive, Mill Hill.

"For over four years," he recalls, "I had been struggling to keep up the monthly payments on my house, pay rates and household bills—and feed the five of us!"

"Our home was very sparsely furnished," continues this grey-haired ex-Sergeant Major, "and my hard-working wife had a job keeping our three little girls decently clothed. We had not had a holiday away from home for seven years!"

Then happened the biggest thing in his life. He won the First Prize of £750 in *Bullets* 895th Contest with the neat and thoughtful effort, GARDEN OF PEACE—HELP YOURSELF "TO PRODUCE"!

Now, with the thrills of success wearing off and a comfortable feeling of security taking their place, Mr. Moys tells JOHN BULL of the many benefits his cheque has brought.

"Soon after my success," says this big winner, "I hired a car and drove the family to Teignmouth, where they had five weeks' glorious holiday.

"Meanwhile," he goes on, "I smartened up the home for their return. I had the house redecorated and bought furnishings of every description, besides a wireless set, blankets, winter coal and new clothes.

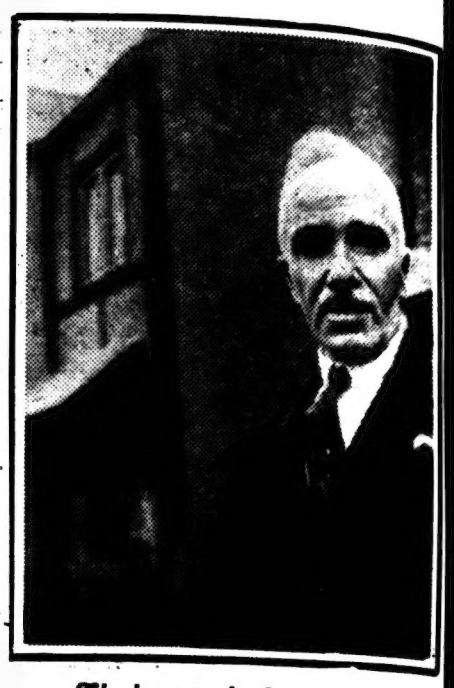
"I got to work crazy paving, staining and polishing floors. Then came a new garden swing, tent and mower."

A big slice of his £750, Mr. Moys relates, went towards the purchase of his house. Loans were repaid, school fees paid, new clothes bought. And, last but far from least, came help for others, including two colleagues on the sick list.

* * *

Like this London 'bus driver, a Durham miner has also been able to play the good fairy as the result of a big *Bullets* success.

He is Mr. F. Graham, 55, Jasper Avenue, Deneside, Seaham Harbour, winner of the Second Prize of £100 in *Bullets* No. 886.



The busman who drove to success

"It was a new and pleasant experience," relates Mr. Graham, "to be able to distribute gifts to several friends and relations.

"My better half was soon enjoying herself," this winner tells us, "buying new coats and hats for our two kiddies and a dress for herself. A suit and overcoat for myself—and we were all fitted up.

"Then followed visits to other shops for various things for the home," Mr. Graham concludes, "and a tidy nest-egg still remains."

* * *

"A merry Christmas for my little niece whose mother has been in hospital for six months—and a happier New Year for us all!"

Those are just some of the joys brought to another winner, Mr. T. W. Allum, 69, Lorrimore Street, Walworth, by his £100 Second Prize in *Bullets* No. 885.

"Besides providing us with a wonderful holiday," Mr. Allum relates, "JOHN BULL'S cheque enabled us to help a relative and also to buy various household necessities.

"Furthermore," he adds, "it has relieved us from worry—surely a priceless blessing for a working man in these uncertain times!"

* * *

Happiness and peace of mind. You, too, can secure these things more precious than money! On one of those interesting *Examples* on the opposite page some competitor is going to make a good *Bullet* and win £500 with a Millionaire's Radio Gramophone. Why should not that someone be you?

£2,265 CASH AND 2,000 XMAS PRIZES AWARDED

FIRST PRIZE, £2,000 AND £50 FOR XMAS SHOPPING, "BULLETS" NO. 917

Mr. J. HANDLEY, 83, Mansfield Street, London, E.

Example:—ROOM FOR MORE

Bullet:—INSIDE CHURCH—AND CURATE!

SECOND PRIZE OF £100 AND £10 FOR XMAS SHOPPING:

Mr. C. H. SIMMS, 47, De Beauvoir Road, Reading.
Example:—Model Employer
Bullet:—"Napoleon" With "Nelson's Eye."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £25 AND £5 FOR XMAS SHOPPING:

Mrs. L. ANTHONY, Ratcliffe Street, Eastwood, Notts.
Example:—Leaving Home
Bullet:—Mother—Heaven Wants "Servant."

10 PRIZES OF £5:

E. G. BURKE, 25, Clarence Square, Cheltenham Spa.
Peace On Earth—Broadcast "King" Listening For.

C. W. CHEAL, 74, Smith Street, Warwick.
Good For You—Fate's "Raps" Rousing "Spirit."

Mrs. H. COLLINS, 23, Gardner Road, Guildford.
Failure's Story—"Half-way," All The Way.

W. COLLISHAW, 39, Mundella Road, Nottingham.
Room For More—Fighting Parsons—Peaceful Ministers.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

L. HORREX, 28, All Saints' Road, Ipswich.
Ambition's Flame—Useful, Burgling Success's Safe.

E. JACQUES, 18, Kendall Road, Hr. Crumpsall, Manchester.
Failure's Story—My "Editress" Won't Accept.

M. PHILBURN, 6, Railway Place, Haley Hill, Halifax.
Man In The Street—Fairly Religious—Fairness, Religion.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. W. PHILLIPS, 2, Mayne's Row, Tuckingmill, Camborne.
Peace On Earth—Not In These *Shirts!*

F. G. PITTS, 73, Anderton Road, Birmingham.
Model Employer—Just, With A Jest.

H. VALENTINE, Crampmoor, Romsey, Hants.
Nothing Left—Then Everything Looks "Sinister."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s.:

S. ALLEN, 15, Cemetery Road, Hemsworth, Pontefract.
Centre Of Attraction—Village Constable—Shadowing Somebody!

F. BELL, P.O., Church Fenton, nr. Leeds.
Way To Her Heart—Why Shun. Shy One?

Miss J. C. INGHAM, 6, Whalley Road, Padiham, Burnley.
Father's Present—*He'll* Hide, *After* Christmas!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

O. LYNCH, 33, Mentone Terrace, Edinburgh.
Politics—Accompany Rashers—Not Turkey.

S. MILNER, 84, Canning Street, Hull.
Way To Her Heart—Another's "Stone" Sometimes Blocks.

W. H. PICKARD, 163, Upperton Road, Leicester.
What Mother Says—*First* Carol Singers, "Angels."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

F. SLATER, 14, Oxford Street, Warrington.
Peace On Earth—When Arsenals Become "Shells."

R. VARLEY, 31, Brisbane Road, Reading.
Model Employer—Studies "Hand" Before "Fortune."

F. J. WATSON, 3, Fleet Street, Kettering.
Life's Winter—Brightened—*Sonny* Plays "Santa."

F. WRIGHT, 137, Haypark Avenue, Belfast.
For All The World—Splendid "Christmas-box"—Mars' Coffin.

A list of 100 Hamper, 100 Turkey, 100 cake, 100 Surrey Fowl and 1,500 Surprise Parcel Winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

BIG CHEQUES... RADIO GRAMOPHONE... NEW YEAR HAMPERS AND... 500 NEW PRIZES!
100
NEW YEAR PRIZES OF
£1 CASH
AND
GIANT HAMPER,
HUGE 2-IN-1 'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE
£500
plus MAGNIFICENT 50-GUINEA 'MARCONIPHONE'
RADIO GRAMOPHONE
500
UNIQUE 2-IN-1 PRIZES
OF 2/6 CASH plus
Valuable collection of last 52 issues of "Bullets Bulletin," complete in cover — forming the finest aid to success in 1936 any competitor could secure
OTHER PRIZES.. £50
10 of £5 · 10 of £3
2,000 'RED SEAL' TARGETS
8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES
£25

Be Quick for These Xmas Holiday Prizes

TO-DAY comes your final opportunity of a wonderful *Bullets* year. For the best *Bullet* entered, somebody's New Year surprise will be the splendid sum of £500 cash *plus* a 50-Guinea "Marconiphone" Radio Gramophone which is fit for a millionaire's home.

For 22 other competitors there are cheques ranging from £50 to £3. For the next 100 winners there are Giant Hampers each with £1 cash. And for the 500 *Bullets* next in order of merit there are unique 2-in-1 prizes which money cannot buy—2s. 6d. cash and a valuable collection of competition help, consisting of the last 52 issues of *Bullets Bulletin* in a neat, green cover.

Never has December 25 come with a finer *Bullets* opportunity. But remember this—you cannot be amongst this competition's 10,623 prize-winners unless your entry is in by Saturday, December 30.

HOW TO WIN

TO gather your *Bullets* material, run your eye slowly down the list of *Examples*, jotting down as you go any ideas that strike you in close connection with them.

It does not matter how rough and ready these first notes of yours are, for in the next stage you can transform them into neat *Bullets*.

Improve the phrasing of each rough comment so that, although the original idea remains quite clear, it is expressed in neat and telling words.

Your finished *Bullet*, remember, must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment which link up closely with the selected *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, you decided to work on the *Example* AT OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY. Your first comment might be *Kiddies Will Do Themselves Well*. This rough idea you could easily develop into the finished *Bullet*, AT OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY — SONNY'S FRIENDS "SWELLING ALARMINGLY"

To help you further, study the winning efforts on the opposite page; then go ahead with your *Bullets* and the First Prize cheque may be despatched to you on Friday, January 12.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

DAWN OF HOPE
ON SOLID GROUND
AT OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY
HIGH TIME
TO HELP THE CHANCELLOR
CONTENTEDLY
HE SQUEEZED HER AND
AVALANCE OF BILLS
FALLING
LAST YEAR
IN TROUBLED WATERS
IT'S OUR HOUSE, BUT
UNWELCOME VISITOR
MERCILESS
RICH OR POOR
CRYING FOR THE MOON
TO REACH THE TOP
GREAT HELP
TIDE OF OPINION
VACANT PLACE
STUDYING HER
WORKING LIKE MAD
MAKES MONEY
SEEMS ONLY YESTERDAY
GOOD OMEN
IN POVERTY'S PRISON
REDEEMING FEATURE
OUR COOK
SELDOM THINKS
HUGE JOKE
BEHIND CLOSED DOORS
SURE OF SUCCESS
DOTING MAMMA
HARDLY FAIR
BEAUTY
PROFITING BY EXPERIENCE

ENTRY FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 920 usually purchase "John Bull."

GIVE THIS 96-PAGE XMAS GIFT!

If you are already a reader of *Bullets Bulletin* and know its value, why not give 12 issues of *John Bull's* 8-page budget of competition help to a friend as a Christmas Present? Complete this coupon with his name and address and *John Bull* will do the rest. You may well be helping your friend to win hundreds of pounds—yet this unique Xmas gift costs you only the bare charge of postage!

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post to—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(920) Closing SAT., Dec. 30 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

Bullets must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(920) Closing SAT., Dec. 30 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. — Signed _____ Address _____

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(920) Closing SAT., Dec. 30 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(920) Closing SAT., Dec. 30 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. — Signed _____ Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 920, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" MONSTER MONTH STARTS NEXT WEEK!

"If only I could avoid colds—"

Don't wait until you've caught a cold and *then* say "If only I had taken Bovril!" Start building up your defensive forces now: start taking Bovril to-day.

For nearly 50 years millions of men and women have found in Bovril their best protection against colds, chills and other winter infections.

The reason is simple: Bovril puts the whole nutrition of the body on to a higher plane—and the power of resistance to infection directly depends on nutrition.

People are coughing and sneezing all round you—in buses and trams—in factories and offices. It is better to look ahead and take Bovril than to look back and wish you had.

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF—TAKE BOVRIL

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